OCT. 26, 1940

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

Liberty 5¢

ID GAMELIN BETRAY FRANCE? by "PERTINAX"

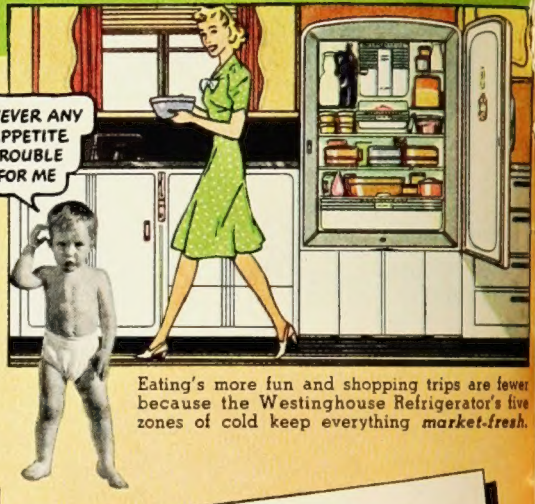
WHY GLENN MILLER'S MUSIC GETS THE GIRLS

MOTHER WAS ALWAYS TIED DOWN..AND I DIDN'T LIKE IT!

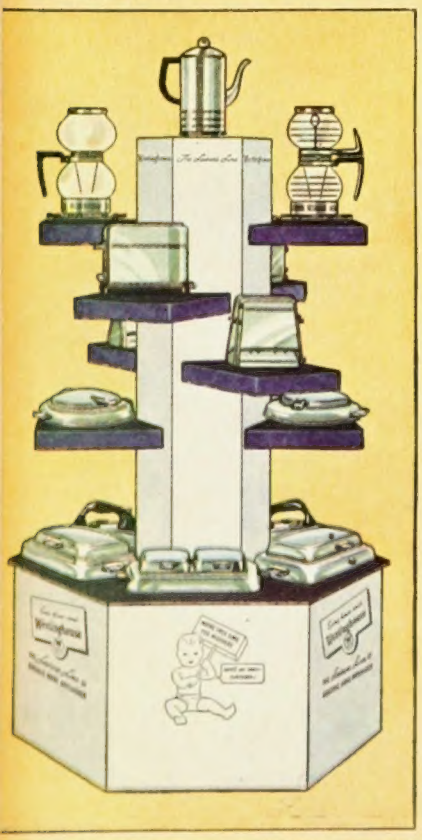
BUT NOW! JUST LOOK..

Any cook's a better cook with the fast, clean and economical Westinghouse Electric Range. And for an ever-ready hot water supply, get a Westinghouse Automatic Water Heater!

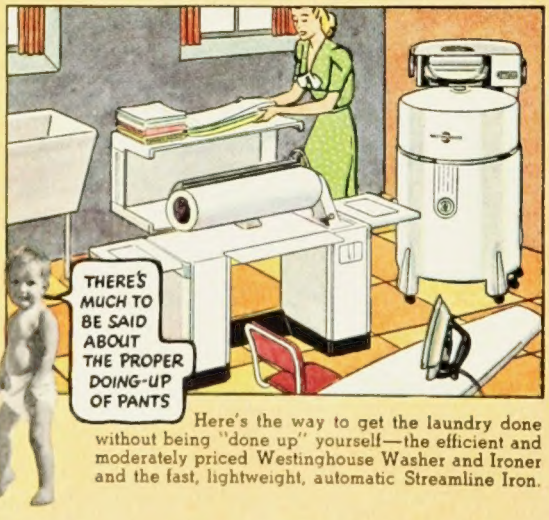
This Westinghouse Cleaner goes deep for dirt—adds to the looks and life of floor coverings; costs but little.



Eating's more fun and shopping trips are fewer because the Westinghouse Refrigerator's five zones of cold keep everything *market-fresh.*



t an eyeful of this display of electrical smart-ss — at your near-by Westinghouse dealer.



Here's the way to get the laundry done without being "done up" yourself—the efficient and moderately priced Westinghouse Washer and Ironer and the fast, lightweight, automatic Streamline Iron.

Every house needs

Westinghouse

THE *Leisure Line* OF *ELECTRIC* HOME APPLIANCES

AS A CAREER WOMAN--I WANT MORE FREE TIME WITH MY CHILDREN

Tune in "Musical Americans," N. B. C Network, Coast-to-Coast, every Tuesday evening.

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OCTOBER 26, 1940

Liberty

VOL. 17, NO. 43

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

VOTE TO RETAIN THE AMERICAN SYSTEM

BERNARR MACFADDEN

There never was a period in American history in which we faced more serious problems than those which are now before us. Is the American system to be retained? That is indeed a pertinent question, and the voters of this country will make the decision in the coming election.

I am neither a Republican nor a Democrat. I am rankly independent politically. But I have always been an enthusiastic supporter of Americanism first, last, always.

We have garnered here all the treasures most dear to the human heart. We have secured a standard of living higher than any which has ever been known throughout all history. All these invaluable privileges have come to us through what we call Americanism.

I am a great admirer of President Roosevelt. He has a winning personality that has lured millions of voters to support him blindly, regardless of the principles he advocates. I supported the President in 1932 with wholehearted enthusiasm. He promised to reduce the heavy load of governmental expenses 25 per cent. He caustically criticized Washington bureaucracy and said it should be greatly decreased. Constitutional government was to be vigorously upheld. The latter promise he made in his oath of office. In the first five months of his administration he made substantial efforts to carry out his promises, and business took an upward jump. Values of all kinds, bonds, stocks increased during this time more than they have in any similar period throughout this country's history.

But the crushing force of Washington bureaucracy then began its work, and slowly but surely the so-called Brain Trust turned the President away from the fundamental governmental principles which he had always advocated. Governmental expenses leaped — doubled, trebled; numerous bureaus were added; employees to the tune of hundreds of thousands were put on the pay roll; national expenses were doubled, increased to eighteen or twenty million dollars a day.

The Constitution was out of date, so we were told. The Supreme Court, our last line of defense to protect individual rights against group or class legislation, was attacked, and, notwithstanding my admiration for Roosevelt as a personality, when he cast aside American principles my respect for his judgment disappeared completely.

The voters in this coming election should do some hard thinking. They may sell their birthright in the ballot box.

The American system has proved to be the best in the world, and the fact that this administration has made and intends to make further definite changes in our governmental system is so clear that it could be sensed by a blind man.

Our liberties are gradually being restricted. The individual freedom which we value so highly will soon disappear altogether, as this administration intends to control capital and labor, industry and business.

Washington officials believe that they have monopolized the brains of the country, and if you favor President Roosevelt at the polls you are not voting for him, you are voting for a domineering bureaucracy that may at any time become tyrannical, and you are commending the colossal expenses that are fast leading us toward national bankruptcy. You are also endorsing the monstrous tax load that is rapidly approaching confiscation and many other accompaniments of a dictatorial form of government.

What our people want is not a new deal, but a square deal, and this invaluable privilege has come to us through the American system. New Deal bureaucracy would like to treat us all like schoolboys, creating a system of control that will reach from the cradle to the grave.

Wendell Willkie may have many faults, but he is not a politician. He is a business man. And intelligent business management has been absent from the national government throughout the Roosevelt administration. Wendell Willkie, with his enthusiasm for the principles of Americanism, should be able to stop the headlong rush toward a dictatorial government which the New Deal has so definitely inaugurated.

Bernarr Macfadden

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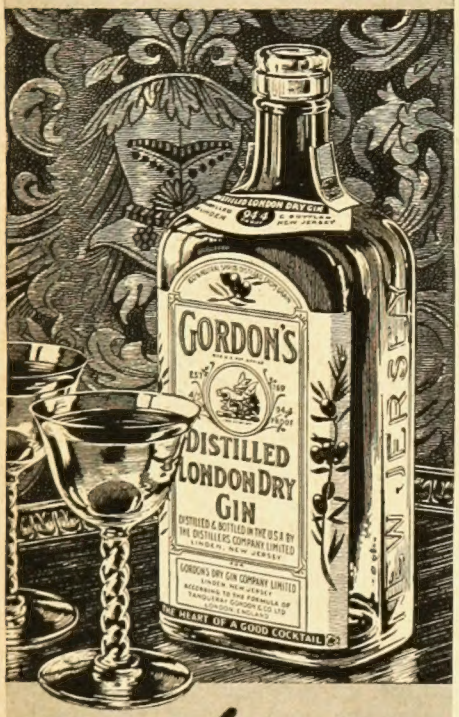
It's an advantage to know

DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH GORDON'S GIN



and an advantage to remember

GORDON'S HAS THE ADVANTAGE OF LIQUEUR QUALITY & HIGH PROOF 94.4

Gordon's Gin

100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain

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She Wants Her Boy to Be a Soldier

HEIDELBERG, MISS.—Compulsory military training for young men is being discussed in many homes throughout the nation today.

I am the mother of a nineteen-year-old son. He is an average American boy, good as most and better than many, because he doesn't drink. My husband and I have raised him the best we know how. He made good marks in school, attended church regularly, was taught good morals and manners. That is the way our friends and neighbors have raised their boys. As a result, what do we have? My private opinion is, a bunch of failures. Somewhere along the line we have failed to make men of them. Their one thought is pleasure, their sole aim in life is to have a soft job. Their theme song is, "What do I get out of it?" Their one fear is being called on to defend their country.

The truth is, we are ruining our boys by being too indulgent. Mothers will retort to this, "My son is different. He is a perfect joy to me." I know; I've heard some of them and marveled.

Our parental indulgence is notorious. For a big dose of the selfishness engendered by it, I refer you to that group of young people who, after demanding and receiving money, jobs, help in obtaining college educations, and many other benefits from their government, met on the White House lawn and showed their ingratitude in an unforgettable scene. They probably also gave Adolf Hitler the idea there might be a broad yellow streak running down their backs.

Our pampered youth is now a national problem, and whether or not we like it, this problem is going to be solved for us by military training. I, for one, am all for it. If it doesn't do anything else, it will teach discipline and force our boys to think of something besides themselves.

Fathers and mothers! It is evident we are to blame for our sons' lack of patriotism, so let us begin now to impress upon them their duty to their country.—*A Modern Molly Pitcher.*

PROVES THE LONG COUNT

DETROIT, MICH. — Timekeeper Debunks the "Long Count" (August 31 Vox Pop) at the same time proves the long count. As each count is one second, and as the referee used twelve seconds to count nine, it is clear that the count was *long* and that Tunney was more than counted out by *time*, although not by word of mouth.—*O. B. Nordstrom.*

¶ **"Why, oh why," wails P. C. Martinez of Los Angeles, California, "don't you confine Mr. Vanderbilt to writing pieces about the idle-rich rascals that he seems to understand so well? And not permit him to break into print on subjects so foreign to him—such as his Mexican pipe dream?" (September 14 Liberty.)**

RIGHT YOU ARE!

MIAMI, FLA.—Here are the solutions to the Cryptograms published in August 24 Vox Pop:

1. Germany should learn that he who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword.

2. My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing.

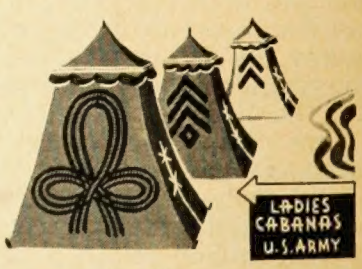
Here's another one:

JGX EKBMX KP JGX FXKFDX BT JGX EKBMX KP LKG. VX VQAJ MYOFJKLYQRT!

By the way, the prologue of Lightning in the Night promises a terrific story. Sounds incredible, but all you have to do is change American names and places to European and future dates to past, and you have a history of Europe for the past five years.—*First Street.*

FOR "ENLISTED LADIES"

HONOLULU, T. H.—In corroboration of Ima Rebel's assertions concerning the influence of petticoat politics in the armed services (August 17 Vox Pop), please be informed that there is a separate dressing room for "Enlisted



Ladies" on the beach at Fort De Russy—the army's "Waikiki" in Honolulu. Who else but a woman could have thought of that one?

I, being the wife of a warrant officer, am tolerated in the bathhouse set aside for "Officers' Ladies." However, if this is published, a dressing room for "Warrant Women" will probably appear.—*An Old-Timer.*

MACFADDEN'S CHALLENGE

NORTH STAMFORD, CONN.—Mr. Macfadden's editorial in August 24 Liberty deserves careful analysis by all sincere Americans. Whether or not they agree with his beliefs as to an improvement in the principles of democratic government, they cannot avoid the challenge presented.

Democracy cannot be made safe by restricting the franchise or by bonuses given for individual eminence. The fundamental concept of democracy is that the will of the majority in the long run is best. Any plan to give an unequal franchise is a denial of that concept.—*W. Searle Woodward.*

LIE DETECTORS FOR CANDIDATES

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Why not purchase a sufficient number of lie detectors so that when the campaign for public office goes into high they could be used on each candidate? Every lie told by said candidate would cause a red flash as a warning signal to his listeners.—*Joseph B. Wurstner.*

¶ "What would Hitler give for the power Moses had when he caused the Red Sea to dry up?" asks Frank York of Northville, Michigan.

SOME OF SHAW'S KIDDING?

BOONTON, N. J.—George Bernard Shaw was kidding Mr. Oursler (August 31 Liberty) in suggesting British soldiers go to Ireland. He knows as well as I do (I was born in Dublin), if they dared set foot in Eire, they could never run away as they did in Flanders and Somaliland and brag of victory; there wouldn't be even a skin of one of them left to tell any tale, false or true.

G. B. S. is dead right about Stalin. I spent my student years in Russia. —*Alexander McArthur.*

FIRST NEWS BROADCAST

LANCASTER, PA.—Lowell Thomas' Question No. 3, Radio Quiz (August 24 Liberty) asks, "Who delivered the first news broadcast?" He gives as the answer, "Dr. Frank Conrad in 1920."

Dr. Conrad is a mere infant, if that date is correct. Radio station WGAL, this city, was broadcasting news in 1917 and 1918.

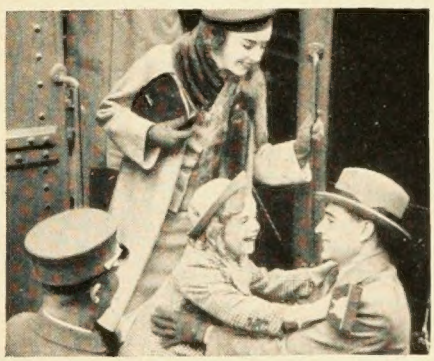
And at this writing I can prove that the bird who did the news warbling is

"I Like my Sleep!"

Says AL SMITH

"By making night travel comfortable and convenient Pullman has contributed to the business efficiency of this country. Personally I like to get a good sleep at night and have plenty of room by day. Pullman gives both ...together with greater dependability than any other form of transportation."

Imagine! A lower on an average overnight trip costs only $2.65*! And read what you get!



"I want to go Pullman again!" Children are enthusiastic about Pullman travel. Mothers like it because it saves them so much trouble. It's the economical way to get there comfortably!

Whatever the weather you'll be comfortable inside a Pullman! And you'll find sleep easy on a Pullman bed. Turn out your lights whenever you choose! Porter calls you in the morning.

YOU PROBABLY never realized that the cost of a Pullman lower, on the average overnight trip of 300 miles, is a mere $2.65, *in addition to your accompanying first class rail fare.

And just consider what Pullman gives you. A real bed. Plenty of space by day —air-conditioning—dependability in any weather—safety!

Clean, attractive dressing rooms, attentive service, the little conveniences that make travel comfortable.

In fact, no other form of transportation offers you so much for your dollar.

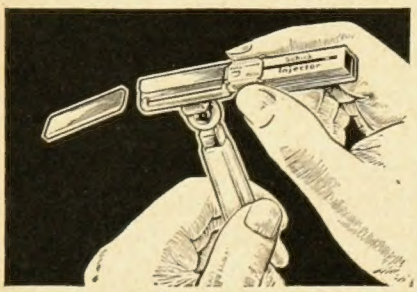
Step on a Pullman. You're made to feel "at home." Every provision is made for a pleasant trip. You're a guest, not just a passenger.

So why travel less comfortably? Pullman service is available practically everywhere (including certain routes in Canada and Mexico). Decide to go Pullman on your very next trip!

S.O.S! A Pullman "Single Occupancy Section" gives extra space to yourself at only a little over lower berth rate! Enjoy exclusive use of both seats by day plus the space normally made into an upper berth at night. Many private rooms are also available. Copr. 1940, The Pullman Company, Chicago

YOU CAN CHANGE THESE BLADES IN THE DARK!

Changing blades with the Schick Injector Razor is so easy, so fast, that you can do it with your eyes closed. You don't have to fumble with paper blade wrappings. There's nothing to take apart or reassemble. It's one of the big features that have converted millions of men to the Schick Injector's more comfortable shave.



The Schick Injector is the only razor in the world with the automatic blade change. With a pull and push on the Injector you shoot out the old blade and insert a new one in 3 seconds flat!

Another reason why you get such a comfortable shave with the Schick Injector is this razor's *solid guide bar* which stretches the skin, sets up each whisker for a level, clean, comfortable blade stroke.

THE SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR CONTAINS THE GREATEST IMPROVEMENTS IN SAFETY RAZOR DESIGN IN MORE THAN 35 YEARS.

THE "POPULARITY" KIT $1.00 COMPLETE WITH 12 BLADES

Schick Injector Razor

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR CO.

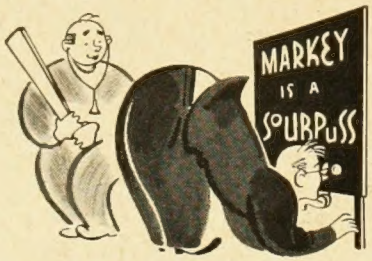
Bridgeport, Connecticut — Niagara Falls, Ont., Canada

still above the sod, kicking, and I give you his signature.—*Herb Krone.*

DOCTOR ENJOYS IT

MOUNT VERNON, ILL.—Morris Markey sure is a sourpuss and has no sense of humor (The Gentle Art of Torture, August 17 Liberty).

I have practiced medicine and surgery for forty years and have joined Masons, K. P.s, M. W. A., W. O. W., Elks, etc. They certainly took me off *my* dignity, and I enjoyed it. None of them but which did me good, and I never was hurt and have had many a laugh.



"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."—*Dr. Charles W. Hall.*

¶ **"'Democracies will talk themselves to death,' said B. Mussolini, and we're proving it," declares H. Graham of Phoenix, Arizona.**

DEATH-DEALING INVENTION?

JOHNSTOWN, PA.—Mrs. Doremus Fiske of Dayton, Ohio, very innocently asks, "How does Orville Wright regard his death-dealing invention today?" (August 24 Vox Pop.)

I very definitely resent Mrs. Fiske's question. The airplane is not a "death-dealing invention." It is only the human hand that controls it which makes it spew death and destruction. A surgeon's scalpel that may have been instrumental in saving the lives of ten thousand people can easily become a murderer's tool if put in the hands of a person who regards it as a weapon to be used to kill rather than as a life-saving device. So it is with the airplane and every other thing in this world. Any sensible person can understand that.

Even Mrs. Doremus Fiske could be made "death-dealing" if swung around by the feet until she collided with some one and smashed his skull.—*René J. Champion.*

HARDTACK'S WATERMELONS

HOUSTON, TEX.—If you will give us a picture of Hardtack climbing an iceberg to hijack a banana plantation, we'll be prepared for the shock after seeing watermelons growing under trees. (August 17 Vox Pop.)—*D. J. Jecker.*

¶ **"'Couldn't you run Ted Shane's picture with puzzles?' suggests Elizabeth Martin of Greenfield, Iowa," observes Mrs. James McCarley of Fort Worth, Texas. "May I add, 'with a noose around his neck'?"**

"IT TESSELLATED ME"

WINIFRED, MONT.—Aha! Now we know. Elma Reed Riley's letter made it clear as mud (August 31 Vox Pop). I was about to write and nominate Johnston for the $1,000 prize for his short short, Dr. Kilbourne's Candlesticks (July 6 Liberty).

I did not know *why* I was impressed. Now I know it was just the "quiddity" of it which "tessellated" me. Come again, Elma—them's grand words.—*J. I. C.*

FORCING A DOUBLE PLAY

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—"Expert" Jimmy Powers says that Feller relieved Tommy Bridges (our own) in the All-Star game and with the bases loaded he "forced" Arky Vaughan to hit into a double play (August 24 Liberty).

We are of the opinion that Feller as well as any other pitcher, upon finding himself in the "well known hole," just puts "all he has" on the ball and hopes, if it is hit, that it will result in a double play. So let's just disregard

"We're doin' our homework, Mr. Lucas—you know, if you have ten apples and we eat six, how many are left?"

that expert's opinion and say that Vaughan hit into a double play and Feller, with the able assistance of a most capable infield, "took charge" of the situation.

Did Feller "force" those teams to knock him out of the box? Because, as we know, he *has* been relieved in several games.—*Blendine Rucker.*

¶ **"Verily we have with us always three things," proclaims W. L. Hunnicutt of Atlanta, Georgia. "Death, taxes, and—above all—grumblers!"**

NOT THAT KIND OF GIRL

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—I have been very annoyed by your columns several times, but Our Girls and Hitler's, by R. H. Knapp, was too much. (August 31 Vox Pop.) In the first place, American morals are far higher than European; and, in the second place, I know plenty of American girls, but they aren't the kind who would try to out-

German the Germans. We Americans don't want promiscuous state-urged babies.

Tell R. H. to get his mind up out of the mud. We aren't headed for the bowwows!—*E. D. G.*

WHAT WAS HE LAUGHING AT?

GREEN BAY, WIS.—Who says there aren't fifth columnists in America? The August 24 Liberty cover pictures Hitler's attack on America. The artist, Jo Kotula, certainly put a pleased expression on the face of the American citizen (?) running down the middle of the street.

Is he pleased because he is the one who lit the bomb, or because he sees Herr Hitler up in the corner of the cover?—*Rev. John C. Craig.*

REFERS US TO MARK TWAIN

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I have been in agreement with the general idea of A Plan to Strengthen Democracy (August 24 Liberty) for more than fifty years, and am wondering whether Mr. Macfadden ever read an article to the same effect written by Mark Twain and published in Harper's Magazine sometime between 1886 and 1893.—*Arthur M. Hood.*

¶ **"How many wastebasketfuls do you have for each chosen few in your weekly Vox Pop?" inquires Poppy Anderson of Boston, Massachusetts. "Why not start a page and call it The Wastebasket?"**

ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS !

WAVEMAGNET

BUILT-IN MOVABLE FOR RECEPTION IN TRAINS, PLANES, AUTOS, ETC.

U.S. PATENT NO. 2164251

$29.95 Pacific Coast Prices Slightly Higher

IN AIRPLANE CLOTH (INCLUDING BLUE)

The shape and size of an overnight bag styled like expensive luggage.

The *ONLY* PORTABLE RADIO Guaranteed to Play Where Other Portables *Fail* . . . or Your Money Back

Engineers of the Zenith Radio Corporation *again* give you a most remarkable invention . . . the *Patented* Movable Wavemagnet in a portable radio which you can carry in one hand, self-powered with a light, one-piece battery pack. Under all ordinary circumstances it works without outside aerial . . . without outside wires or ground.

LISTEN WHILE YOU TRAVEL . . . PLAY . . . OR WORK

Take this wonder portable where ordinary portables will not work efficiently; in a train, airplane, bus, ship, auto or any windowed building where metal construction *keeps out reception.* The secret of why it works while others fail is in the *Patented* Movable Wavemagnet, which is exclusive with Zenith.

Check up on your next train trip. See how many Zeniths are playing *well* . . . and how many other makes *fail* to do so. Your money back if *Zenith* fails.

And that's not all! At home, in the office, in hotels, if you want to save your battery, plug into any light socket . . . 110 volt AC or DC. That will automatically disconnect your battery and save it for outdoors or travel.

EARPHONES SOLVE PRIVACY PROBLEMS

This Zenith portable has storage space for earphones . . . (extra equipment) for use at ball games, fights, or while travelling; for privacy in reception without loudspeaker. At home — no annoyance to those in the next room or even in the next bed when you listen with Zenith earphones or Hushatone. A boon to the hard of hearing, too.

UNDER NO OTHER NAME BUT ZENITH . . .

. . . can you obtain this radio or a portable that *is, has,* and *does* so many things! *Patented* Wavemagnet—built-in yet movable—combination battery *and* lighting current operation—loudspeaker *and* earphone reproduction—adjustable to varying conditions—reception at home or travelling. Don't buy until you see and hear the Zenith Universal Portable at authorized Zenith Dealers everywhere.

De Luxe Edition in genuine cowhide . . . priced slightly higher than regular airplane cloth cover.

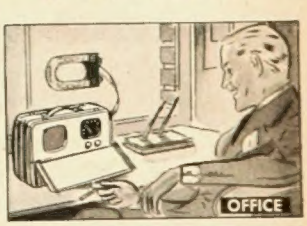
A NEW INVENTION

AGAIN A YEAR AHEAD

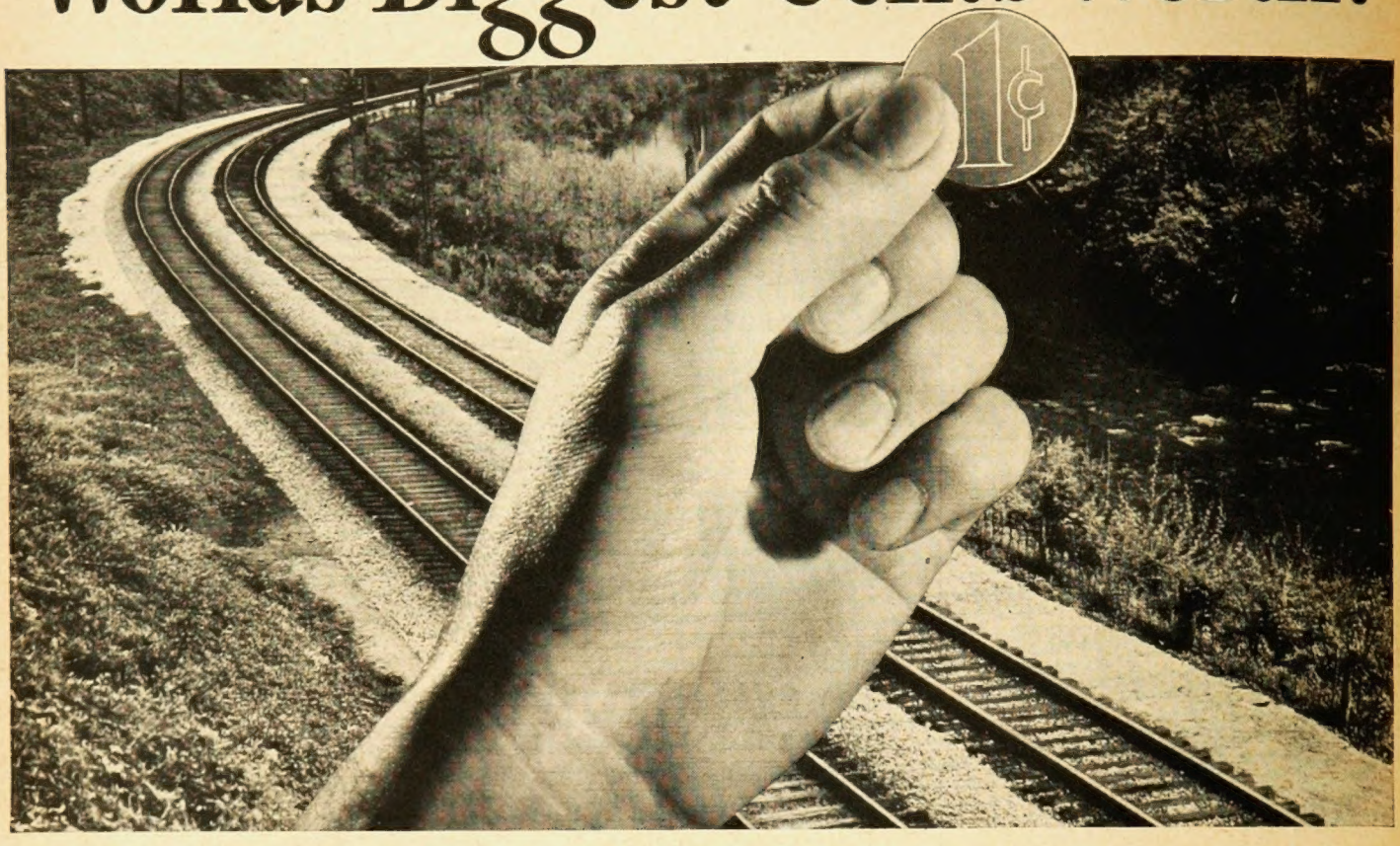
ZENITH

LONG DISTANCE RADIO

IT'S DIFFERENT



World's Biggest Cent's Worth!



WHAT do you think it is worth to move a ton of freight a mile?

The American railroads do it for an average of one penny.

But low rates are only one yardstick of a bargain—so let's see what else shippers are getting today for their money.

They are getting dependable delivery of freight where they want it, when they want it — by schedules almost as accurate as those of passenger trains.

They are getting speed beyond anything ever provided in mass transportation before. In many instances, cities 500 miles apart have overnight freight service—and the average speed of freight trains has increased 62% in the last twenty years.

They are getting the service of a transportation system which ties together the three million square miles of America—linking sources of raw material to factories—and factories to stores and shops by the tens of thousands.

Taking it all in all, *the American railroads are today better than ever before in reliability, speed and operating efficiency*—ready to handle the needs of American industry and American defense.

What's more, they are steadily improving their tracks and equipment so they can continue to give this country the world's biggest cent's worth of transportation.

"See America" FOR $90

Start from your home town now on a Grand Circle Tour of the United States—east coast, west coast, border to border—go by one route, return by another—liberal stopovers—for $90 railroad fare in coaches—$135 in Pullmans (plus $45 for one or two passengers in a lower berth).

NOW—TRAVEL ON CREDIT

You can take your car along too
See your local ticket agent

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

A lesson to America! Revealingly, a famous French journalist takes you into the heart of a nation's tragedy

Did Gamelin betray France?

BY "PERTINAX"

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

ON the evening of March 14, 1939, I met General Gamelin at a dinner given by an ambassador accredited to the French government. German troops were already invading Czechoslovakia, which had been mutilated in September.

General Gamelin, like the rest of us, displayed no trace of surprise. For several months the end of Czechoslovakia's independence had been a foregone conclusion. It was only too obvious that Germany's drive to achieve hegemony over Europe could no longer be checked by diplomatic action. I asked the generalissimo whether the trial of strength, if it occurred, would find us stronger or weaker than before the surrender of Munich. "There is no doubt," he replied, "that the balance sheet of Munich involved a net loss for the western Powers."

He began to review the main counts in the ledger. By this time the hundred divisions available to the Germans in 1938 had been increased by 40 per cent in numbers and had improved in quality. Armored divisions had grown during the same period from three to five and twice as many were to be expected before long. Marshal Goering had 6,000 airplanes at his disposal instead of some 3,500. The Siegfried Line, which was merely a field fortification at the time of Munich, was now fast becoming a steel-and-concrete fortress. Germany was gaining more ground every day because her war industry had long entered into the phase of mass production, whereas ours was still fumbling with prototypes. And it could not be overlooked that the thirty Czech divisions and the fortifications of the country, which were capable of holding back fifty German divisions, were no more.

Nevertheless the general was not shaken in his belief that victory would be ours. He expressed it to me once more in July. But at that time, like M. Daladier and his colleagues, he still hoped that Poland, supported by Russia, would be able to feed an "eastern front" permanently and that Germany would have to divide her forces between the west and the east, as she had been compelled to do in 1914-17.

When the Molotov-Ribbentrop treaty of August 23 had put an end to almost any possibility of the Allies waging war in the east, except so long as Poland would resist single-handed, was General Gamelin disgruntled? By no means. During the last days of August his self-confidence reassured the government.

How could he with such composure look at a future full of iron, fire, and blood? The answer is that not only General Gamelin but the entire French General Staff were deeply rooted in what can be called the credo of the Maginot Line. The main articles of that credo were:

1. Men installed behind fortifications, if they are well furnished with machine guns, mortars, bombs, and supported by artillery guns of all ranges (including antitank and anti-

General Gamelin who lacks the "imperative mood."

aircraft guns), can stop, in the proportion of one to three, the attackers, even if the latter launch against them diving planes and tanks in massive formations.

2. The amount of territory captured by the assaults of the enemy must always be limited, as resistance is more rapidly organized than the new troops necessary for further attack. On the side of the attackers, heavy artillery doesn't follow speedily enough and bombing planes are not an adequate substitute for it.

3. Moreover, hardly any chance is left to the Germans seriously to encroach upon the Maginot Line and develop a "pocket," since to the "continuity" of the field fortifications of the last war a new element has been added: solidity. Of course that element had to be bought at the price of depth and elasticity, but the French General Staff consider that it is not too high.

Thus the Germans are confronted with this dilemma: either to attack immediately with terrific loss of life, or to temporize, thereby permitting their enemies to undermine the Reich economically by the sea blockade and to bring about the downfall of the German army through the downfall of the German people.

The strategic and tactical credo which I have outlined in general terms was not of General Gamelin's own invention. The Pétains, the Weygands, the Georges, the Billottes, etc., all in turn confessed their faith in the superiority of defense, despite heated rivalry.

As early as 1933, a man arose to contradict that whole lot of pontiffs, Commandant de Gaulle. In his book, Toward a Professional Army (1934), he described with astonishing foresight the catastrophe which awaited the French army. He had one idea in common with the great military leaders, to wit, that troops no longer play a part proportionate to their number. But in his mind this idea was associated with a very different set of notions: one hundred thousand professional soldiers, fighting with tanks and planes, carefully trained and set apart (instead of being scattered all along the front as mere auxiliaries of infantry and artillery), would destroy the front and rear of the enemy, or at least protect our own front and rear. He conceived of the army as a formidable machine. The following year Gaulle wrote a chapter along the same lines for a book in which Paul Reynaud set forth his general program. General Weygand wrote to Reynaud: "I must record dissent."

THE European war begins. In a fortnight Poland collapses under planes and tanks. Forthwith the Polish General Staff loses control of the machine. The Polish army can no longer co-ordinate its movements. General Gamelin takes no notice of this warning. Thus is lost our last chance of changing the system and mechanizing the army.

Meanwhile, on the western front obtains the *de facto* armistice which is to last eight months. The Germans need this delay in order to create new divisions and additional armament. What a relief for General Gamelin! No air attacks on the French army as it mobilizes and concentrates, no expenditure of our inadequate stocks of ammunition: on April 9 the French army has fired 304,000 shots, as compared with a monthly consumption of 5,500,000 shells in 1918. And ample time is given us to build field fortifications along the Belgian frontier.

Strange to say, the generalissimo doesn't understand the decisive importance of the hour at hand. He is responsible for the fate of a nation: if necessary, he ought not to be shy of overruling the cabinet; he ought not to brook any delay in the enforcement of his recommendations. For the purpose of victory, he ought to behave as a technical dictator. Alas, he does nothing of the kind. He proceeds nonchalantly, with a soft hand, paying small attention to details, tolerating that, even inside the army, administrative red tape should interfere with the armament program to be carried out before spring.

General de Gaulle, who believed in mechanized troops.

Result: in the spring, apart from 75-mm. guns, we are far behind. Our magnificent anti-tank guns of 90 mm., for example, have practically no shells!

And what of the training of the five million men mobilized? Here perhaps we are confronted with the most serious deficiency. Those eight armistice months should have been spent by us in well-nigh continual maneuvering, not only in mimic warfare but in a continuous chain of minor operations. Instead of which, on whole sections of the front, particularly along the Rhine, the two armies spared each other by a sort of tacit agreement. Hitlerian propaganda and psychological manipulation asked for nothing better.

The newspapers at the time regaled us with the daring deeds constantly carried out in order to feel out the enemy and harden the troops. But these exploits were performed by volunteers recruited from each regiment. The mass of the troops began to believe that such perilous assignments were only for these adventurers and that all they themselves had to do was to wait behind the Maginot Line for the collapse of Germany. An ominous sign was noticed at the outset of the year: there was an average of four French prisoners to one German. The implications of that fact were not understood.

This all-round easygoingness is hard to explain. General Gamelin, at the top of the military pyramid, is a man of great intelligence, greater perhaps than the other chiefs, his past and present rivals. He is sixty-eight years of age, but has lost none of his physical and mental vigor. What are his weak points? "He is not a fighting man," Lord Gort is wont to tell the British ministers. Yet he deserved the appellation of

"fighting man" in 1914 and 1918.

The truth is that his very achievements have recast him in an "academic" mold. He is buried in the lessons of the last war. He has sunk in ready-made ideas whose correspondence to actual facts he does not verify often enough. He is not a stimulator but a thinker, and any administrative department whose chief fails to keep awake easily falls asleep.

General Gamelin has ingrained in him the habit of compromising with the political powers that be. He instinctively seeks the middle way. His relations with Daladier were not of the friendliest. "The President does not understand me," he said, "and I do not understand him." Lack of resolution of purpose and energy. There is no love lost between Vincennes and La Ferté-sous-Jouarre.

Now we must try to follow the development of the drama by the side of Gamelin. Since Russia joined Germany and Italy styled herself a "nonbelligerent" (and not a neutral) the commander in chief has consistently refused to carry the war outside western Europe—the land war, of course. He holds the conviction that sooner or later the Reichswehr will launch an assault on the Low Countries and France. At a meeting of the war cabinet on April 3 he vigorously refutes the arguments of General Weygand, then commander of the so-called Army of the Eastern Mediterranean, who wants to create

French troops march in review in happier days before the swastika flew over Paris.

will on one side and excessive adaptability on the other.

At his Vincennes headquarters Gamelin lives in an atmosphere of flattery and adulation, surrounded by a small military cabinet of fifteen officers known for their personal devotion to him. Not one of them ever went to the front. The little circle affects great learning. Books dealing with the history of art are very much in favor. An officer who spent two weeks with them after being at the front was never questioned as to his experiences. The generalissimo emits a cold light without heat. No human bond exists between him and the army.

The general headquarters of the army are not located at Vincennes around Gamelin but at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre under General Georges, the commander of the north and northeastern front. In the association, Georges is supposed to contribute a Balkan front so as to compel Germany to fight on two fronts. Gamelin replies that the hour of the German western offensive draws nearer and nearer, and that we shall court disaster if the greatest possible number of divisions is not kept in northern France. Moreover, because of all sorts of obstacles, Weygand could not have a properly equipped army around Salonika in less than four and a half months, whereas the Germans could easily get there in three weeks. Gamelin is right.

But Gamelin, while he sets his face against the creation of a "front" in eastern Europe, is precluded from adopting the same negative attitude toward the plans for intervention in northern Europe, whose sole purpose is to make the blockade effective. The sea blockade looms very large in the strategic credo of Gamelin. He cannot break away from the logic of his own doctrine when Daladier urges him to send troops to the rescue of Finland, an expedition which would necessarily involve the seizure of Narvik and of the iron deposits in northern Sweden. On March 28, at the session in London of the Supreme Council, when Reynaud persuades Chamberlain to take action in Norwegian territorial waters, Gamelin is

General Weygand who disagreed with de Gaulle.

obliged to follow suit. At the meeting of the War Cabinet, immediately after the Council, he supports Reynaud against Daladier.

Meanwhile occurs an incident which is perhaps worthy of note. On March 28 Gamelin stopped at a hotel in London. A memorandum dealing with the contemplated operations was stolen from him by an Italian valet, who did not return it—after a chambermaid had denounced him—until two days later. It is possibly not a mere chance that the Germans replied to the Allied operation in Norwegian waters within twenty-four hours.

Mines are placed in Norwegian waters, Denmark and Norway are invaded, the fiord of Narvik is captured by the English, battles begin in the neighborhood of Trondheim. Things are going badly, as the British cabinet did not authorize the British fleet to force the channel of

that port. French and British are in a state of manifest inferiority because they have not been able to find another port at which to disembark their heavy material. The Supreme Council in London, against the advice of Reynaud, decides to abandon the Trondheim region. Gamelin, who has supported Reynaud before, cannot look favorably at the extension of an undertaking likely to consume increasing quantities of men, arms, munitions. He now takes the same view of the whole affair as Daladier.

ON May 10 German troops invade Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg. Gamelin immediately launches twenty-two French divisions of selected troops and seven English divisions to co-operate with the Belgian army of eighteen divisions.

Here arises the great problem, the problem which for many years no controversy will exhaust. Gamelin has not ceased since 1937 to tell the successive premiers of France that he would refuse to risk another battle of Charleroi to salvage a *neutral* Belgium. He formally declared it for the last time, on January 16, to the Belgian General Staff.

It appears that subsequently to January 16 Gamelin undertook to defend the Givet-Namur line, a very modest plan, as may be seen by glancing at the map. Namur—that is the upper Meuse, nothing more. But, far from directing the bulk of his troops to the Meuse, between Sedan and Namur, Gamelin sends them beyond Brussels. His ninth army, under General Giraud, the most impetuous officer in the French army, pushes beyond Antwerp, enters into Zeeland, and occupies Hertogenbosch. How did such a cautious man plunge into this daring, precarious enterprise?

There are two possible explanations. First, he knew that, two days before, Reynaud was resolved to relieve him of his command, charging him with letting everything drift. Can it be inferred that Gamelin's psychology was affected to the point that he was impelled to find personal relief and salvation in a rash jump at the enemy? It is more probable (and that is the alternative theory) that Gamelin, who always believed in counterattacking, bethought himself that a magnificent occasion to bring the campaign to a more rapid conclusion had come within his grasp. According to information received by the French General Staff, the German scheme of operation was to strike at Antwerp as hard as they could. That is perhaps the key to the riddle. We begin to understand now why Giraud had been sent beyond that city. He was to fall back on the German army, like a hammer striking an anvil, the anvil being supplied by the rest of the French army. The German army would thus be caught, from the north and south simultaneously, between the two branches of a jaw. The trouble is that von Brauchitsch did not walk into the trap, if ever there was any. Not upon Antwerp, but upon the Meuse, between Dinant and Sedan, fell the blow of his battering-ram; that is, the Meuse away from which Gamelin had turned, the hinge of the entire French battlefront.

The rest of the story is familiar. This section of the Meuse was weakly held by the army of General Corap. The French lines were broken through. Sedan was taken on the 14th, and the gap which was to lead to the ruin of the French military system grew wider and wider. It suddenly dawned upon the builders of the Maginot Line that by sacrificing elasticity and depth to solidity they had made an irretrievable mistake. The French military system, once it was outflanked, was bound to collapse all of a piece. The entire left wing of the French army, which had ventured into Belgium, was separated from the remainder of our forces.

On June 16 I was awakened at six o'clock in the morning. A friend was telling me what he had just heard from Mme. de Portes, the lady friend of Paul Reynaud. At that early hour she had telephoned him that an armored German column was at Laon. That same rumor assailed Georges Mandel, the energetic Colonial Minister, when he arrived at his office shortly after nine o'clock. He called General Gamelin on the telephone. "I found," he told me, "a man who was perfectly calm but desperate." Thus, after two days of battle, this impassive Buddha, whom Daladier had not allowed Reynaud to dismiss a week before, was reduced to a state of restrained despair.

IN the afternoon it was learned that the armored cars did not head for Paris, but were stuck up at Marle-le-Château, protected by a curtain of airplanes. They had completed their work, the destruction of the rear. The French army was disintegrating around the "pocket."

After having ousted Daladier from the Ministry of National Defense, Paul Reynaud relieved General Gamelin of his command.

In the explanations which followed there was a great deal about Communist propaganda among the troops of Corap. Gamelin's friends did not fail to let it be known that, five hours before he was dismissed, he had ordered General Billotte, commander of the forty-eight French, British, and Belgian divisions in Belgium, to counterattack, but the immediate decision of Weygand had been to cancel the move. And here one can perceive the substance of the general's thesis: "If Joffre had been dismissed after Charleroi, if he had not been given time to start a counter-stroke, the victory of the Marne would never have occurred."

Arguments of that kind are entirely beside the point. Let us make every allowance for the fact that the French General Staff had embarked for years on a false doctrine, that it had underestimated the rupture tactics invented by the Germans and known to itself for years: that is, airplanes and tanks preceding the attacking infantry and airplanes fulfilling the part which, in the last war, devolved upon the heavy guns, but at speed which was denied to the latter. We nevertheless find it very hard to explain why the Valley of the Meuse, the gap so often referred to in French military annals, should have been so dreadfully neglected, why the Maginot Line had not been extended to the North Sea, why the field fortifications hastily erected since September, 1939, to make up for that omission or neglect, had not been permanently occupied, why the forty-eight divisions in Belgium, the left wing of the French system, had not been recalled until May 16, why a general reserve had not been constituted in the eight months of the *de facto* armistice and was not at hand to fill the vacant space. All the wrong ideas and prejudices with which the French General Staff could be credited do not account for those additional deadly faults.

The most competent judges do not venture to this day to return more than partial answers. The German march into Belgium, they say, was more rapid than had been foreseen and the brief duration of the Belgian resistance in the Ardennes came as a surprise. The Maginot Line, which stopped at the frontier of Luxembourg in 1937, had since then progressed as far as Montmédy, and was to have been continued to the sea. But the time was short, and furthermore, to the west of Montmédy underground infiltrations of water made it impossible to excavate to the depth of thirty meters required by Maginot's mode of construction. Finally, before leaving, the troops sent into Belgium had sealed the casemates and forts stretching between the Meuse and the sea. This caused a fatal delay when new garrisons had to be installed in these works in the midst of battle.

BUT in all this we must not seek more than secondary causes for the disaster—secondary causes to be added to those already enumerated. The following consideration—and it is one of several—cuts much deeper: General Gamelin was the man least capable of fulfilling the maxim of von Clausewitz: "A military chief must have the outlook of a statesman." For a French military leader to be a statesman meant in 1939-40 that he would have to give France the temporary dictatorship of which she had need. The sore truth is that Gamelin was not a man of authority, and it is difficult to imagine that Tardieu, Flandin, Laval, and those who chose him in 1931-35 ever deluded themselves about it. Because of this patent lack of the imperative mood in Gamelin, it behooved a civilian leader to give the country the drive it required to withstand the German onslaught. First Daladier and then Reynaud broke down trying.

[Another vitally important article by this world-famous author will appear next week.]

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

THERE'S A MOON IN Mexico

BY DECLA DUNNING

She seemed pretty young to be remembering things for four people.

Revolution vs. romance—Here's an enchanting story of a boy in love and a girl's secret heart

AFTER the initial disappointment (mine and the Chronicle's) of finding no revolution in progress, I followed one of Mexico's fiercest generals down to Acapulco, to see what he had up his sleeve. That's where I met Kitty.

Acapulco is, as you know if you've ever been there or seen a map of Mexico, a seaport town on the western coast. It's a bland tropical place, and I soon discovered that what the general had in mind was nothing more momentous than a week-end vacation. My pride, as one of the Chronicle's most inquisitive reporters, was hurt. I had checked in at the hotel and I decided I might as well spend the night there before driving back to Mexico City. Every time I looked at the general, comfortably pompous in his straw hammock on the terrace, I felt thwarted. I got in my car and drove down the hill to the harbor. It was there, as I walked aimlessly about the quay, that I first saw Kitty.

I saw the yacht first, one of those slim proud craft that look more like toys than ships. I thought at first that Kitty belonged to the yacht. She could have. She looked more the part than that human pouter pigeon she followed down the gangplank. Or than the tall dark girl they called Beatrix. Or than the Aylesworth heir himself, a dumpy fourteen-year-old who shuffled his weight along as though he were herding geese. She was small, but she carried her head high and she had a sort of stride that made the others look like tired subway commuters. Her hair was blonde, and there was lots of it. Her eyes were a deep blue. When I saw them they were unhappy.

"Kitty," said the pouter pigeon, "we will go directly to the hotel. You will stay here and see that Henry takes care of the luggage."

Kitty inclined her head ever so slightly and answered, "Yes, Mrs. Aylesworth," a reply which was briefly descriptive of the whole set-up. "Come, Beatrix," continued the pigeon. "Hurry, Forrester."

The dark girl looked around her. "Dreadful . . ." she murmured.

"You can't tell," said the pigeon. "You didn't like Guatemala, either, at first."

Beatrix shrugged and followed her mother. And Forrester followed Beatrix.

"Henry," said Kitty. "Did you remember Mrs. Aylesworth's hatbox?"

Henry was an oldish fellow in a white duck uniform. He looked, without having any of Popeye's aggressiveness, like Popeye. "Yes, miss," he answered uncertainly.

"And Miss Aylesworth's wardrobe suitcase?"

"Yes, miss."

"And the portable radio? And Forrester's black bag? And"—she smiled, but it was obviously a gesture of sympathy for Henry, and it waned rapidly—"and mine, Henry? You didn't forget mine, did you?"

"No, miss. I think I got them all."

Kitty sighed.

"I can't remember a thing these days," she told herself aloud. To Henry she added, "I'll get a cab and wait for you."

She seemed pretty young, after all, to be remembering things for four people. Pretty young and pretty—well, pretty.

The revolution was dismissed as I approached her.

"I was just leaving for the hotel," I lied pleasantly. "Can't I give you a lift. You'll find cabs scarce this time of the day."

She hesitated, putting me through a swift character examination from which I evidently emerged with a passing grade. "Well, yes. Fine," she said. "Will there be room for the luggage?"

"I think so." I helped Kitty in, and the car, after a few initial sputterings of indignation, proceeded uphill toward the hotel.

Neither of us said a word. It was very warm and the road was dusty. All the dogs in town had apparently gathered to watch us pass. They

snapped at the wheels of the car. The morning scent of salt, lemon blossoms, and wild honeysuckle was entirely eclipsed by less favorable scents. I was aware of the hostility which echoed from Kitty's silence.

"From New York?" I asked her finally. "Yes," she said, and it might have been the tone in which a newly arrived prisoner at Devil's Island speaks of his homeland. "New York," she repeated softly. La-Guardia himself would have bowed to the tenderness and glamour which she bestowed upon the city. "I've been away for a month."

"I'm from New York, too," I said. "I hired this car in Mexico City and drove down here for the week-end."

Her eyes widened. "Why?" she asked.

"Well—" I hesitated.

"Traveling," she covered me quickly. "I used to think I would like to travel. That was before I came away with the Aylesworths. If I ever get back home"—and there was a desperate and very young intensity in her lowered voice— "I'll never leave New York again. Never!"

"Come, now," I laughed. "It does a person good to get away."

"Oh, no." She shook her head violently.

We were nearing the hotel. I wished that there was a way of lengthening the trip. Silence had descended upon us again and my passenger was several thousand miles distant in spirit. She was somewhere in Manhattan, and she wasn't (this enlightened flash smote me unawares) alone. When you loved a place as passionately as this young lady loved a metropolis, you also loved some one who lived there.

Also (this, too, a flash, the kind that usually turns out to be pointless) I said, "Do you know Wentworth Jones?"

HER spirit returned. Her face was alive with interest and her eyes sparkled. "Wentworth Jones! Yes, I do. That's where Pink works—in the same office. Wentworth Jones is the vice-president of . . ."

"Yes, I know," I interrupted. "He's my brother."

"He is! That's wonderful!" she said.

"Isn't it?" I agreed.

"You must know Pink," she continued. "Tyler Robinson his name is; he writes copy for the Gleam Nail Polish account. Do you know him?"

I had to confess that I didn't.

My rating slipped noticeably. "Oh . . ." she murmured. Again she had escaped from Mexico. She was back in Manhattan with this what's-his-name Pink. I didn't like that guy at all!

"This is it." We had reached the top of the hill and the end of the road—and the hotel. She thanked me swiftly. "I'd better hurry," she added. "Mrs. Aylesworth hates to be kept waiting."

She slipped out of the car, and I watched her corral a trio of Mexican boys to help with the luggage. "Can't I . . . ?" I began, but she shook her head firmly. "I'll manage," she told me. "It's my job, you see."

I heard more about her job later. It was after dinner. The general was still in his hammock, and I was walking listlessly along the hillside promenade and wondering who had gotten the idea, in the first place, that there was going to be a revolution, when I heard a voice say, "Hello, Mr. Jones."

I wheeled. "Hello, Kitty," I answered, before I realized. "I'm sorry. I heard Mrs. Aylesworth call you Kitty, and I didn't know your other name and . . ."

"It's Wilson," she informed me. "But Kitty will do. After all, I feel as though we were old friends. You being Wentworth Jones' brother, and Pink . . ."

"Yes," I broke in, "and Pink writing copy for the Gleam Nail Polish account."

SHE flushed. It was one of those light tropical evenings and one of those brilliant tropical moons, and I could see the color that rose very becomingly in her cheeks.

"It's one of their best accounts," she continued stoutly. "And Pink is a good copy writer. Ask your brother some time. He'll tell you what kind of copy Pink writes."

"I will." I made a mental note of doing just that.

The sea was a deep bright blue below us. Kitty stood there beside me, looking down. "Beautiful, isn't it?" I began. But she didn't hear me. I think she was atop the Empire State at that moment, and the wide silver pathway in front of her wasn't the moon on the ocean but Fifth Avenue in a blaze of glory. "I don't think Gladys was right," I heard her murmur.

"Gladys?"

She nodded.

"Gladys is my girl friend. I was out of a job, you see, and the woman from the secretarial school called me about Mrs. Aylesworth wanting some one. Gladys said it was an opportunity I shouldn't let slip. Besides, as Gladys said, it would do Pink good to have me away for awhile." Kitty smiled, very faintly. "You know, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder.' We hadn't been getting along so very well, Pink and I. He's, well—temperamental, Pink is. He's extremely sensitive and proud. As Gladys told me over and over again, you have to be careful about Pink. I'd tease him, and he'd seem not to mind. But later he'd tell Gladys that he was hurt."

"I see." I tried to see. Pink who was sensitive, and Kitty who was in love, and Gladys who bore the responsibility of keeping things straight. The moon was lighting up Kitty's face and her eyes were as blue as the sea below her. I thought, Damn Pink! Aloud I said, "Have you heard from him lately?"

"No. I haven't." She sighed.

"That's one of the worst things about this job. They never know where they want to go. Mrs. Aylesworth makes up her mind and Beatrix changes it. And then, when everything is settled, Forrester gets a different idea." She looked at me helplessly, plaintively. "I left a forwarding address at Guatemala because Mrs. Aylesworth said we were going to Guaymas. Now we're here, instead." Rebellion struck sharply then, and Kitty's eyes blazed. "If there was any way of getting home I'd leave in a minute!"

"Would you?" I said. "Why don't you?"

At Xochimilco Kitty and I hired a boat and drifted lazily about in it.

Her silence was significant. "Well . . ."

"I'm driving back to Mexico City tomorrow," I told her. "You could go with me and take the plane from there."

"Mexico City," she repeated with interest. "You're driving up?" She seemed to be talking to herself rather than to me. "Mrs. Aylesworth would be furious." But her voice glowed hopefully. "She doesn't need me, though. She'd get along."

"I'm sure she would," I said. "She has Beatrix. And Forrester."

"And Henry," I added.

Kitty laughed.

"Do you suppose I dare?"

"Why not?"

She drew a deep breath, considering.

"I could wire Aunt Stevie," she told herself. "She'd send the plane fare." She included me briefly. "I wasn't to be paid, you see, until the end of the trip. That was the agreement."

"If you need some money . . ." I began. But Kitty interrupted severely. "Aunt Stevie will send it," she informed me flatly and finally. "When do we leave?"

"Very early. It's a long drive. We should be out of Acapulco at six in the morning."

THAT was a trip. Kitty left a note for Mrs. Aylesworth, and I would have liked to have seen the pouter pigeon's face when she read it. "I couldn't even say that I was sorry," Kitty confessed. "I'm not, you see. I'm not sorry at all."

We had breakfast in the village. Kitty munched dreamily. I loved it and I hated it. She wasn't breakfasting in Acapulco. She was in a Manhattan restaurant.

The countryside, as we drove north, was jungle-like with sudden patches of banana trees and tangled canebrakes, and familiarly American with its fields of tasseled corn. Pink made the trip with us. Gladys was with us, too, at intervals. I had come to like one not any more than the other. I knew Gladys Carson pretty well by now, a shrewd statuesque brunette who "modeled." "Gladys is stunning," Kitty told me. "She photographs like a million dollars."

I asked, "For Gleam Nail Polish?"

Kitty nodded. She was deaf to my malice.

"Pink said they'd probably use her for the fall campaign."

We lunched at a little village. We drank Carta Blanca beer, and Kitty said, "Have you ever been to Tony's?" And we ate cold chicken, and Kitty said, "There's a wonderful little chicken place on East Fiftieth. Pink and I used to go there."

At Taxco, Mexico won a point. Kitty's eyes widened when we approached the town. "It's like something in a book of fairy tales!" she exclaimed. We drove through the narrow cobblestoned streets and up to the cathedral on the plaza. "Shall we stay for a while?" I asked. And she nodded.

"I like it," she said. We had a rum drink at the little café beside the cathedral, and a dark-skinned boy played the guitar and sang La Golondrina. "Do you remember the week they featured that at Radio City Music Hall?" she asked me. I grimaced. "You and Pink heard it together?" I supposed. She answered brightly that, Yes, they had.

Kitty bought an Indian basket from a vendor, and I fell for a wide silver bracelet whose design, the man told me, was infallibly lucky. Kitty looked at me oddly when I paid for it and slipped it into my pocket.

"For your girl?" she asked, and I saw then that what was odd about her glance was the sudden realization that I might have a girl.

"Well . . ." I began. And I noticed that she was looking at me with, if not actual interest, at least curiosity. "Well, yes," I finished.

I bought other things for my girl. "She has small feet," I told Kitty when I purchased the huarachos. "About like yours, I think. Would you mind trying them on?"

Kitty complied politely. The woven leather sandals were becoming, and I bought the pair which showed to advantage the slenderness of her ankles.

There were countless shops on the square, and Kitty and I made the rounds, pricing, admiring, and occasionally picking up things for "Gloria." That was her name, Gloria. I knew a Gloria once. She worked on the Chronicle and she was forty-five if she was a day and she weighed about a hundred and seventy. But this Gloria was pretty. "Blonde," I told Kitty. "Very blonde?" Kitty asked, and I glanced at her taffy-colored hair and shook my head. "Medium."

Gloria went with us after that. Whenever Pink stole into the conversation, Gloria balanced his presence. The four of us dined together at Cuernavaca.

THE moon came up like a saucer of Mexican silver. We were tired now, and we drove the rest of the trip in silence. That night, after Kitty had gone to her hotel room in Mexico City, I wrote to Wentworth. "Who is Tyler Robinson?" I asked. I continued chattily that I was still down here waiting for a revolution, hoped he was fine, etc., and please let me know at once about Tyler Robinson.

The next day Kitty and I went sight-seeing. "I wired Aunt Stevie," Kitty told me. I said, "Well, that's fine." And she said, "Yes, she'll send the money air mail." "I could loan you enough for the trip," I reminded her, but she looked at me sharply. "I don't mind staying here a day or two. As long as I'm in Mexico, I might as well see something."

Which was exactly the argument that I had intended to present. I was happy that day and optimistic. I felt as though I had earned Xochimilco.

The Floating Gardens of Xochimilco were the farthest thing from a revolution I've ever seen. Kitty and I hired a boat and drifted lazily about in it and bought flowers from flower vendors and ate confections which looked prettier than they tasted. The canals of Xochimilco were crowded with boats like ours. There were a lot of picnickers, families crowded together with other families and loving the noise and confusion and general holiday spirit. "They have so much fun," Kitty said softly. "And you?" I asked her. She was thoughtful. "I'm having fun, too."

Aunt Stevie was not as prompt as Kitty had expected. We had arrived in Mexico City on Sunday evening. Before I knew it, it was Thursday, and still no word from Aunt Stevie.

But I had Wentworth's letter. My blood raced when I read it. I was half elated and half angry, and, above all, I felt like saying, "See! What could you expect of a guy named Tyler Robinson!"

Because Tyler Robinson wasn't writing about Gleam Nail Polish any more. He wasn't working for Wentworth Jones, either. He'd taken an extended leave of absence to go to Hollywood, and his bride, a model by the name of Gladys Carson, had gone with him.

I tore the letter into small fragments and went down to the lobby to meet Kitty. She looked adorable. She'd been happier lately, as though each hour brought her closer to New York. And to Tyler Robinson.

I tried to tell her, but I couldn't. That day or the next. I tried, as we wandered around the market place at Pueblo, to give her the news. But I couldn't say it there; and on Friday, when we climbed to the topmost pinnacle of an Aztec temple, I couldn't say it.

A revolution might have simplified the task that lay before me. Every morning I listened wistfully for gunfire. But the air was tranquil. People were happy. Kitty was happy. I was the only one who was miserable.

And then it was Sunday. "Let's not drive anywhere today," Kitty said. "Let's just go for a walk."

That sounded all right. Today I must tell her. If I didn't, she'd have the money from Aunt Stevie and she'd go back to New York and find out for herself. And that would be worse. She simply had to know.

She started it for me. We were in the park. We sat down on a bench beneath the protective bronze statue of one of Mexico's heroes, and Kitty began, "You're worried, Don. Has something happened?"

"Yes," I told her. "Something has happened. I had a letter . . ."

She looked interested, a trusting sort of interest which made things worse.

YOU know, Kitty," I continued doggedly, "it's tough to put a lot of faith in a person who doesn't deserve it. When you find out about your mistake, the world goes to pieces. For awhile. Time makes everything clearer, though. It's an old bromide, but it's true. Time helps a lot. You begin to realize that that person wasn't the one, after all. You even—well, fall in love again."

She was very quiet. I didn't dare to look at her. Then suddenly I felt her hand in mine, and I looked at her, and she was smiling. A strange sweet sad little smile.

"I'm so sorry, Don," she murmured. "Did you love her . . . very, very much?"

This was so unexpected that I almost said, "Love who?" and then I remembered my mythical girl friend, and my laughter must have been inappropriate, to say nothing of being ungallant. "Well, no," I confessed. "I think I'll get along quite nicely without her."

She seemed relieved. "Don," she was saying, "we have a good time together, don't we?"

I agreed that we did.

"I know it's none of my business," she continued firmly. "But I had a feeling, right from the start, that Gloria wasn't the girl for you."

"Really," I said, amused. "But she was lovely. Blonde, you know. Little and blonde and pretty. Big blue eyes. A soft voice. Gentle, too, and . . ." I blithely described Kitty.

She interrupted suddenly. She stood up. "I'm going back to the hotel," she said. She was not smiling now, and her voice sounded brittle. "Why?" I asked her. And she explained that she had a headache.

We walked into the lobby together. Kitty started toward the desk. "I'm going to find out about planes," she said. "I forgot to tell you—Aunt Stevie sent the check."

I followed aimlessly, with a definite feeling of goneness. So she had the check and she was leaving. And I hadn't even told her about Pink. Pink wasn't the issue with me then, however. What I kept thinking was that she was going.

She opened her purse and took out the check and handed it over to the clerk. In transit I saw the amount and also the date. "The mails are slow in Mexico," I remarked. "Air mail special, you should have received that last Wednesday."

Kitty said nothing, but the clerk spoke up defensively.

"The mails in Mexico are prompt, sir," he corrected me. "Miss Wilson did receive an air mail special last Wednesday."

Kitty turned prettily scarlet, or the remark might have passed. She turned her head away and I heard her say, "Well, suppose I like it here. Suppose I do?"

I stared at the back of her head for one decisive second. "Say that again, Kitty," I demanded. She said it twice, but nothing startles a man more completely than the sight of a girl in tears. Especially if he happens to be in love with the girl who is in tears.

"Kitty . . ." I began ineptly. And finished, "Kitty. Darling."

The clerk looked on with unabashed curiosity when I took her in my arms. "Shall I cash the check?" he wanted to know. But I shook my head authoritatively, holding Kitty closer. "Don't bother," I said. "From now on I'll be paying the bills."

WE were married, like something out of an Irving Berlin ballad, in a Spanish chapel. We planned to spend our honeymoon in Acapulco, but the Chronicle had other ideas. "Forget revolution and come back to work," they wired me.

So we're back in New York, Kitty and I. We were in Tony's the other night, and Kitty said, "Remember the place where we had the tortillas and the Carta Blanca?" And I said that I did. We walked over to the avenue and took a bus uptown. "Remember Xochimilco?" Kitty said. "Remember Taxco?"

I nodded, smiling. She looked up at our fine Manhattan moon and she sighed a little, reaching over to touch my hand.

"I wonder what became of that revolution," she murmured wistfully.

THE END

BY ROBERT LOW

A Liberty reporter sends a vivid close-up of war

IN THE MIDST OF DEATH OVER ENGLAND

"Apparently my propeller hit some part of his fuselage as he passed."

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

ON that bit of England's coast which reaches out and almost touches France there's an airdrome known as Hell's Corner. When you first get there it's hard to see why.

But for a few carefully concealed hangars and administration buildings it might be mistaken for one of the green playing fields of Eton where, the saying goes, the Battle of Waterloo was won.

At one end a flock of sheep graze away contentedly, and at the other a group of youngsters sit around a bell-shaped tent and talk about cricket or the movies. Anything but the war. Even the greenish-brown camouflage of the Spitfires and Hurricanes blends with the trees and shrubbery and does nothing to disturb the pastoral scene.

Then, all of a sudden, you find out where that name came from. You realize with a bang that the front and no man's land are just a mile away and a few thousand feet up—up above the Channel. From this field and others like it the Battle of Britain is being fought by a bunch of kids not much older than Eton boys — the kids of whom Churchill said "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."

Six, eight, ten times daily the flash comes through, "Squadrons into action." You know you're in Hell's Corner then.

This airport is such a hot spot that squadrons are stationed here for only a few hours at a time. They fly from other bases farther inland to this advanced striking field and are relieved at intervals throughout the day. Then the overnight flight comes on duty. They are the night-flight experts who go up in the darkness to tackle raiders caught in the beams of the powerful searchlights.

One of the squadrons on the early trick had just arrived when I got to the tent. Over breakfast, served from a portable field kitchen, the boys were discussing a musical show which had been put on at their camp the night before. It wasn't easy to get them to talk about flying.

Most of them came from the same home town up in Scotland. They were an auxiliary squadron which had been formed in peacetime when they all had steady civilian jobs. In their spare time and during summer vacations they had been trained by the R. A. F. But already these "week-end pilots" had knocked down more than fifty German planes and had been awarded three Distinguished Flying Crosses.

Sandy, who was twenty-three, had been a real-estate broker until the third of September, 1939. Now he was a flight lieutenant with twelve planes to his credit. The inevitable Jock had been one of the golf professionals at St. Andrews. When Hitler marched into Poland, he traded his brassie for the stick of a Hurricane and wielded it with the same proficiency. He wore the D. F. C. for services over Dunkirk. The old-timer of the squadron was tall, lanky Harry, who had been an automobile salesman. He was a venerable twenty-seven.

As we were finishing our coffee the field telephone rang twice. We all had our eyes glued on the corporal who answered. He nodded. Every man jumped to his feet and sprinted for his plane, which was ready in flight formation, facing the wind for the take-off. As each pilot climbed into the cockpit he signaled to a mechanic who set the motor going with an electric starter.

Within three minutes flight after flight in close V formation roared across the field, up, and out to meet the enemy. Gaining altitude seemed a matter of seconds. The whine of their supercharged Rolls-Royces had almost faded when the drone of German bombers reached our ears.

There's only one seat in a British fighter, so only the pilots know what it's like to be up there 15,000 feet, looking for the enemy.

But if you stand, as I did, in one of the administration buildings shortly after the action flashed, you have the closest thing to a front-row seat you'll ever get.

Every fighter plane is equipped with short-wave radio. So when the pilot jumps into the cockpit and puts on his helmet he's also putting on a two-way telephone which hooks him up with headquarters.

Here a constant stream of information about enemy planes in the area pours in. Numbers, position, height, course, and probable objective. Orders are given from the ground by radio until the enemy formations are sighted. Then the squadron leader in the air takes over command. And when the dogfights begin, it's every man for himself.

At Hell's Corner the operations officer was a gray-haired veteran of the last war.

On his tunic below the same wings he had worn since 1915 were two rows of multicolored ribbons. The pilots called him skipper. He certainly knew his job. And he certainly hated being on the ground.

When I reached the ops room, telephones from observer posts were ringing, teletypes from fighter command clicking away, officers co-ordinating reports and moving little blocks representing friendly and enemy planes across a huge table map like so many chessmen.

The skipper was giving orders to the squadron, which was making steep climbing turns overhead.

"Dorniers and Messerschmitts—twenty plus 8,000 feet. Course, west southwest from Calais. Speed 250."

We listened for the German planes but they could not be heard now. German heavy guns were opening up from across the Channel. Occasionally a shell whistled over and landed in a field behind us.

THE skipper had new instructions: "Go up to 18,000 and patrol Dover to Deal. You should spot them just above cloud bank which is moving slowly eastward."

"O. K., skipper. Eighteen thousand she is. Three miles from Deal. Can't see Jerry anywhere."

"Careful they're not looking down at you, old boy. Have a peek just below the clouds at 13,000."

"Right as usual, skipper—there they are just below us. Diving to attack. See you later."

We waited for him to give his orders to the squadron:

"Attack line astern. Red Flight remain 12,000. Watch for other enemy craft."

Then there was silence. We stood there and through the window watched the planes in the distance twisting and turning in the summer sky, maneuvering for that one vital snapshot of the enemy when the eight guns would open up and spit death. They needed only a two-second burst. In that brief instant 400 armor-piercing bullets would claw a Messerschmitt from the sky.

Suddenly we heard the voice of one of the pilots: "Look out, Shorty! There're two of 'em on your tail."

A few seconds later the answer came back: "O. K. Thanks, Bill, but they're on yours now."

So it went. Every now and then a word of advice or a command from the squadron leader. Then silence again. But this is what was happening up there in the sky to Sandy. It is taken verbatim from the combat report I watched him make after he landed. And it is now on the official records of the Air Ministry.

GABRIEL HEATTER

ON THE AIR for Liberty

Every Thursday and Saturday

DRAMATIZING INTERNATIONAL NEWS SITUATIONS!

	P.M.		P.M
Boston	WAAB 9:00 E.S.T.	Minneapolis	KSTP 10:15 C.S.T.
Buffalo	WKBW 9:00 E.S.T.	New York	WOR 9:00 E.S.T.
Chicago	WGN 8:00 C.S.T.	Philadelphia	WFIL 9:00 E.S.T.
Cleveland	WHK 9:00 E.S.T.	St. Louis	KWK 8:00 C.S.T.
Detroit	WXYZ 9:00 E.S.T.	Washington, D.C.	WOL 9:00 E.S.T.

*Los Angeles *San Diego *San Francisco

*See local paper for time and station.

"Enemy aircraft sighted at 10,000 feet and order given to form line astern, and we were immediately facing about four ME-109s. My leader went in head on and enemy aircraft broke formation as he attacked a single machine while I was still covering his tail. At this point another ME-109 approached from starboard and I broke away as he was going to try and pair off with another ME-109. The resulting position being one ME-109, one Spitfire, one ME-109, and my own aircraft in a rough line astern. I immediately got in a shot of about three to four seconds. The damage caused to the ME-109 was almost complete as I shot away not only the greenhouse [cowling over pilot] but also the front windscreen. The pilot appeared to fall forward over the stick and the enemy aircraft went down in a dive toward the ground. I circled around and saw the wreckage in a field and then immediately joined another Spitfire."

Harry, the old-timer, also had a busy time and we could actually follow part of his dogfight through powerful field glasses. He was really good, that boy, even though he did have tough luck that day.

"I led my section toward the 109, but on doing so saw about another twelve 109s flying below in loose formation. I ordered my section to line astern, the order apparently not being received, as pilots broke away to engage enemy. I attacked the tail-end aircraft of the original four from above and behind. This aircraft dived straight into the sea after two bursts. I then pulled up, climbing for height, then dived down to attack a Dornier, but saw a ME-109 endeavoring to position itself on my tail. I turned toward him and opened fire. He was also firing and I could hear his bullets striking my fuselage. We both held our fire and apparently my propeller hit some part of his fuselage as he passed, because two tips were bent right back and my hood had been pushed in. The engine vibrated tremendously and then stopped dead. Smoke then commenced to come out. I was heading landward at the time of the collision and carried on for an open field. Flames appeared at 1,000 feet and I was unable to see ahead, eventually crashing in a field. Aircraft was burning fiercely, but I managed to break the hood open and get out without injury."

JOCK, the ex-golf pro, was right in there swinging, too.

"Another section and two of my section dived to the attack. I stayed as lookout. An ME-109 dived past me to defend his Dornier charge, but I dived on his tail and gave him four to five bursts. He burst into flames just before hitting the water. He made no attempt to pull out. I then climbed to 8,000 feet to continue my watch. I was attacked as I flattened out at the top of the climb-out. I managed to shake off attacker. I then saw an ME-109 on the tail of a Spitfire at approximately 5,000 feet. Both machines were doing tight turns, the ME-109 giving bursts of fire. I dived at him and made a full beam attack through his cockpit. He turned in the direction of Calais. I followed close on his tail, giving him bursts of fire as he ran. White smoke poured from his starboard wing and I am sure he could not reach the shore. I opened my attack and closed in. But I did not follow him below 1,000 feet, as I had to return to base to refuel. One of my tanks had a puncture and was leaking."

For twenty minutes we watched the battle. There were only two interruptions. One when a German shell exploded just a little too close for comfort and we dived for cover from the shrapnel. The other when a Dornier heading for France jettisoned three bombs in our vicinity.

By the time the air was clear of raiders and our squadron headed back, we had seen nine planes spin down into oblivion. They had been too far away to identify with certainty. Now we knew. As the planes came in, we counted them. Two of the skipper's boys would not return.

This was Hell's Corner all right.

THE END

Actual color photograph—Alex Irvin, tobacco warehouseman, admires a fine lot of ripe, golden leaf

Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine!

LOOK AT THE tobacco leaf Mr. Irvin is holding. This rich, golden leaf is the kind of finer tobacco that Luckies buy at auction after auction.

And Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine! Authoritative tests reveal that, for more than two years, the nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands—less than any one of them.★

That's important, because the more you smoke, the more you want a cigarette of proven mildness. So remember: we analyze tobacco samples before buying. Thus our buyers can select leaf that is ripe and mellow—yet milder, low in nicotine.

With independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1!

★NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through June 1940
Lucky Strike has averaged

9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred

Copyright 1941 The American Tobacco Company

Luckies—the smoke tobacco experts smoke

BOY LOSES GIRL!

"The funny thing was that we fell for each other before we even met! It was a Saturday night at the country club, and she was dancing with some other guy when I first saw her. She happened to look up, just at that instant, straight into my eyes. And . . . right like that! . . . my heart was doing a loop.

"From the minute we were introduced, all the rest of the evening, neither of us danced with anyone else. It must have been hours later . . . heaven knows *how* long we had been dancing!...that we finally slipped away from the crowd, out to a corner of the terrace.

"It was dark, we were alone, and there was a moon. So I took her in my arms. She came close to me, lifted her lips to mine, and then, suddenly—turned her head away.

"I couldn't imagine what had changed her so quickly, so completely. I asked her . . . pleaded with her . . . to tell me. But she said she couldn't—possibly.

"That was four years ago, now.

"She came close to me, lifted her lips to mine, and then, suddenly—turned her head away."

And I never have discovered the secret of that night. She was the loveliest girl I've ever known. We had clicked, instantly . . . oh, I started as a wonder! But I sure finished as a washout."

* * *

Poor guy, he never understood. Yet almost any woman would realize what had happened . . . would understand how fatal halitosis (bad breath) can be to romance.

It's a condition which is, perhaps, even worse for a woman than for a man. For so much of a woman's attraction depends on sweetness, allure. And the insidious thing is that you yourself rarely know when your breath is tainted.

Why not get the habit of taking this pleasant precaution which so many popular, successful people rely on—rinsing the mouth, night and morning, with Listerine Antiseptic.

Listerine halts the fermentation of tiny food particles on the mouth surfaces—a frequent cause of breath odors . . . then quickly overcomes the odors themselves. (Of course, in those cases in which bad breath is the result of *systemic* causes, the advice of a physician should be sought.)

Guard against this fermentation—put yourself on the safe side by putting your breath on the agreeable side. Start using Listerine Antiseptic . . . especially before all important engagements. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE FOR HALITOSIS

(BAD BREATH)

In midsummer, 1927, she was forcibly ejected from the house and taken to Pergine.

More Love Affairs of Mussolini

An eye-opening survey of surprising facts and mysteries in Il Duce's private life

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

NO one was naïve enough to believe that Benito Mussolini was faithful to his Rachele in those years of his political emergence in Milan.

There had been, for example, the scandalous and widely publicized case of the sister of Giacinto Menotti Serrati, the first man to befriend young Benito in Switzerland, who was a native of Oneglia in Italy: "So closely allied were the two that Serrati made Mussolini welcome at his home. . . .

"All went well until one day Serrati's sister and her husband arrived for a visit. Then an unfortunate drunken event occurred. After a violent scene Comrade Benito was asked to leave the house. In the press . . . it is stated that 'Mussolini played the villain with the sister of his benefactor, and the brother-in-law tried to strangle him.'

"Comrade Benito apologized. He wrote the following letter, which Signora Serrati [Serrati's mother] years later made public: 'I beseech you to have pity on me and not to forget that I am the son of an alcoholic.' The Serratis, however . . . did not forgive Mussolini and he never

(*Continued on page 24*)

OUR PART IN NATIONAL DEFENSE

Walter S. Gifford, President, American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE BELL SYSTEM IS A NATION-WIDE TELEPHONE SYSTEM—READY TO SERVE THE UNITED STATES IN NORMAL TIMES OR EMERGENCY. IT HAS . .

1. The trained forces to operate telephone equipment and plant.
2. The trained staffs to direct these operations.
3. The latest motorized, mechanized telephone groups of great mobility which can concentrate anywhere quickly.
4. A dependable service of supply that reaches anywhere in the United States.
5. A source of supply—the Western Electric Company, devoted to telephone manufacture.
6. A great laboratory that brings the advance of science to bear on the improvement of telephony.
7. The financial strength to keep going and work ahead for the future.

Each is important. All are necessary for good telephone service from day to day and for the needs of national defense.

It is the organization, the team-work, that counts. That means trained, experienced men and management, working together and planning ahead, so that the right material and the right "know how" will be at the right place at the right time.

Walter S. Gifford

THE BELL SYSTEM IS READY TO DO ITS PART IN THE NATION'S PROGRAM OF NATIONAL DEFENSE

(Continued from page 21)
forgave Serrati. In fact, he set his police agents on him, so that his old benefactor spent his remaining Italian years in misery."

Naturally, too, there was much speculation during those radical Milan years as to just what the relation was between Benito Mussolini and his attractive young assistant editor, Comrade Angelica Balabanoff. And this curiosity has recently been revived by daughter Edda Ciano's emergence as the Joan of Arc of Fascism and a woman of outstanding mental and political gifts. Edda, Italians are saying, may have been the offspring of Angelica and Benito.

She *is* certainly different from the other Mussolini children. "Edda is easily the most outstanding in ability, personality, intelligence," wrote one observer. "This fact tends to support the long-current story that she is not the daughter of Donna Rachele but rather the product of a *grande passion* of Mussolini with a Russian woman Socialist."

As a matter of fact, there is absolutely no evidence that the attraction between Comrade Angelica and Comrade Benito ever passed beyond the stage of intimate and inspirational man-and-woman friendship. Whatever Mussolini's own ideas may have been, there would seem to be no doubt that the woman's chief object was to make a convert of the man whose strength, in spite of his weaknesses, she recognized.

Besides, if we believe her story, there were other reasons why their alliance may have remained platonic.

"RARELY in my life," she records, "have I seen a human being depend on others as much as Mussolini did. His characteristics at that time were lack of independent courage and incredible physical fear. When leaving the headquarters of Avanti at night, or rather in the early morning, he would always ask me to accompany him. . . .

"'What are you afraid of?'

"'What am I afraid of? Myself. A dog. A tree. My own shadow.' . . .

"In the office he would frequently burst out weeping over the trouble his disease was causing him, and the treatment he was going through. . . .

"He had a pathological need to call attention to himself at all times; . . . he spoke openly of a malady which is generally kept secret, thinking he was making himself interesting by telling. . . ."

Comrade Balabanoff recounts scores of incidents "in which Mussolini, who now stands as a symbol of national strength, . . . was not altogether the brave, bold, unhesitating hero which accumulated biographies and myths have made him out to be. According to the associate editor, her chief kept a revolver on his desk, a sharpened stiletto handy . . . and led the mob only when it was overwhelming in number, and stayed discreetly behind when physical danger threatened."

"Naturally he was a strong pacifist in 1914," she says. "At one of our editorial conferences, however, he told us he favored the German cause and ridiculed France. But when he was offered the opportunity of personal power which a newspaper [of his own] was sure to give him, it was a temptation which a weak will could not resist. We did not know then why he went over to the enemy. We could only suspect that an offer had been made him by French representatives."

There was also on the staff of the Avanti in Mussolini's time another brilliant young woman, who may not have influenced his life so drastically as did Comrade Angelica, but whose association with him lasted longer and has only recently ended, apparently quite as tragically. While Angelica Balabanoff contributed to Benito's store of mental gifts, Margherita Sarfatti contributed her pen to his financial well-being. She was his biographer and helped him prepare the articles which he wrote for the Hearst press.

From this it should not be inferred that she had been to Mussolini what is known in literary circles as a "ghost." Every writing man who has come in contact with the Italian dictator acknowledges his genuine literary ability. Readers of Liberty have had the opportunity to see that ability in action, and they may be sure that he himself wrote whatever appeared over his own name.

Nevertheless, in the busy life of a dictator an experienced and sympathetic collaborator like Margherita Sarfatti was invaluable. Great was the surprise, therefore, when she showed up in Paris in January, 1939, for an "indefinite stay," until it was recalled that "her family, although old, honored and Venetian, is also Jewish."

The plight of Margherita Sarfatti is important to this story not because there is any evidence in her case of a relationship with Mussolini other than strictly professional, but because it is one more evidence of the man's willingness to sacrifice women who have helped him and loyally served him, once they seem to interfere with his lust for power. He sacrificed Socialist Angelica Balabanoff to Fascism, and Fascist Margherita Sarfatti to Hitlerism.

ALL of which makes more understandable the otherwise almost unbelievable story of what happened to Irene Desler, the girl he had met during the Austrian period of his exile, when she showed up with her child to dim the glory of his highly publicized departure for the Italian front. George Seldes, from whose book, Sawdust Caesar, I am permitted to make liberal excerpts, has dared to tell the story from the viewpoint of those who knew the Turncoat of Milan in the days of his newly acquired patriotism.

One day a group of relief workers received word that among those who were interned in a little village near Florence, awaiting deportation as enemy aliens, was "an important lady with a sick child. A committee was organized by Armando Borghi, who with some companions at great risk broke the regulations in the military zone and came to Florence. To the great surprise of the four men, the 'important lady' was the number-two common-law wife of Mussolini. The child bore the unmistakable traits of his father—the jaws . . . called Roman, those wide-open black eyes, bulging, sparkling. . . .

IRENE DESLER, widow of Signor Albini, told the committee her story. She had lived with Mussolini for several years. They had been happy together for a little more than a year, when her dowry of ten thousand lire was exhausted and quarrels became frequent. The child was a burden. But foremost, she told the committee, was Mussolini's fear that she might reveal all the political secrets of the famous editor and easily ruin his reputation and his career. . . .

"The police chief of Milan, she continued, was a close friend of Mussolini's. One night, shortly after Mussolini had placed her in a separate apartment, carabinieri came and arrested her. She and her child were taken to prison. . . . She begged the police to inform her 'husband.' She sent word and letters. But she never received a reply. The committee gave her money, sent a doctor, and they never saw or heard of the unfortunates again."

One of the political secrets to which Signora Desler refers is most likely the following legal document which, according to Mr. Seldes, is registered in the archives of the city of Turin; visible for several years; copied by Armando Borghi; now destroyed by Fascist officials; in which Irene Desler swears:

"I declare that I have lived as the wife of Signor Benito Mussolini for about two years and that I have a son with him legally recognized by his father and inscribed in the office of the Stato Civile of Milan and under my signature.

"I certify that at the time when Mussolini resigned from the newspaper Avanti we were in such poverty that we had planned to leave for America. . . . Suddenly after the return of Mussolini from a voyage made to Geneva, our economic situation changed completely. This happened during the month of January, 1914, or 1915, I cannot say more precisely. Mussolini then told me he possessed considerable money and I remember that I saw much pass through his hands.

"After his return from Geneva, Mussolini spoke to me of an offer of a million which a French person had made to him, and gave me the name, which I have forgotten, on condition that his newspaper [the Popolo d'Italia] take up a strong campaign for intervention. On his return I

(Continued on page 26)

"Trek"

ANTI-FREEZE

scoops the dollar field!

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TRAVEL WITH "Trek" ANTI-FREEZE

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(*Continued from page 24*)

asked him if the money he showed me came from the person of whom he had spoken. He replied that it came from France. . . ."

Just what happened to this alleged "other wife" of Benito Mussolini few, if any, know. For a time British and American correspondents were able to pick up stray bits of news about her. John Bond reported that in February, 1923, she appeared in Trento and demanded a copy of the certificate of her marriage to Mussolini which, she said, had taken place in 1910.

"Within a week, according to Bond, she was visited by the prefect of police, who advised her to move to a small house on the outskirts of the city. It was on the Verona road. . . . Bond is also authority for the statement that the marriage records were found and that they bore the signature of the present Duce, and that the child, born four months after the marriage, is registered on the baptismal record of 1911, a year after his birth. . . .

"Although a relay of carabinieri guarded the house night and day, refusing to permit the woman to do even her marketing unaccompanied, she was able to communicate her complaint to all she met. Then, in midsummer, 1927, the police chief Tamburini and several aides arrived with the request that this Mussolini family accompany them to another town. Signora Desler refused. Neighbors . . . say they saw the woman beaten. At all events, she was forcibly ejected from the house and taken to Pergine, where, for all the public knows, she is still an inmate of the insane asylum. Benito Mussolini, Jr., when last heard of, which was in the same year, 1927, was living in a parochial school at Moncalieri."

During his first years in Rome the Duce was careful to encourage the idea that he himself practiced all of those domestic virtues which he preached to his people. He didn't carry the idea so far as to bring Donna Rachele to live with him in Rome. When one asked about this omission, the knowing would whisper, "He has a friend." And the time came when even the unknowing suspected that the friend in residence was not always the friend who had been in residence the week before. But, so far as the casual visitor from foreign lands could see, he was as free from moral taint as John Q. Milquetoast himself.

Many an American visitor, calling on the Duce, has fallen victim to his charm of manner and has come away extolling his "chivalry." Especially true has this been of women accompanied by their husbands! Women not so accompanied have sometimes had a different story to tell. But no one told it out loud until that intrepid young American sculptress, Clare Sheridan, visited him for the purpose of including him in her gallery of portraits in marble.

Clare Sheridan had traveled all over the world; she had worked in the inevitable intimacy of sculptor and model with kings and statesmen of the day. One gathers that she had to wait until she met the "chivalrous" Mussolini before she was forced to defend herself against physical onslaught. When Miss Sheridan proved to be the kind that wouldn't kiss and would tell, Mussolini's carefully built-up reputation was shot.

Benito bethought himself of Rachele Guidi and the Guidi-Mussolini kiddies, and set up the family in the Villa Torlonia, about ten minutes away by car, the way he drives, from his office in the Palazzo Venezia. There, each evening, he is said to be met by Donna Rachele, complete with dressing gown and slippers.

She takes little or no part in Roman social life; and neither, for that matter, does Mussolini himself. Always he is too busy for formal parties, and, in spite of his reputation as a philanderer, he is the kind that puts business before pleasure.

By nature he is not the companionable sort. Since the death of his brother Arnaldo, he has no men friends; and, except for Edda, no woman is known to have his ear.

One suspects that Benito Mussolini is growing into a rather lonely old man!

THE END

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The third time he came u
Penny had quit crying. S
studied the slate he held u

a Swindler for Love

BY LUKE SHORT

Thrills! A breathless tale of danger in the sky and happiness in two hearts

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

PENNY PEEBLES folded her arms over her waitress' white uniform, put her shoulders against the wall of South Hall's dining room, and yawned magnificently. It was such a wide yawn that she felt the cigarette snipe cached in her wheat-colored hair behind her ear loosen a little and get ready to drop. She pushed it back and wondered how much longer she could go without sleep.

The girls at the last table over in the corner were just getting ready to move. Penny, skeptical, didn't move. She wished for a moment that she were a horse, so she could sleep on her feet. Only dear old Madison College might object to a horse editing its yearbook, waiting on its dormitory table, tending its professors' kids, and singing in its glee clubs.

The girls rose, and Penny moved over toward the table, a slim, not tall girl, with long legs, a grave rather slim face, and wide blue eyes that had their moments of impudence.

Helen Hartmann smiled at Penny as she came up and started to clear off the table. She said, "What's that behind your ear, Penny?"

"Cigarette," Penny said. "My last for the day. I've got to make it last."

"Do all you flyers carry your cigarettes there? Is that part of the course in civilian instruction?"

Penny flushed, but grinned. "That's it. Lindbergh did it, so we do it."

What Penny meant was that Murray Sholes, the instructor at the airport, did it, so she did too. And what Helen meant was that all the college girls taking the civilian instruction course in flying were doing it because Murray Sholes, a bronzed, handsome, sardonic young man who had just finished his trick in the Air Corps, had the habit.

Helen said, "I hear you're soloing tomorrow."

"If I can stay awake," Penny said.

"Well, burn your letters, Penny, and good luck."

"Thanks."

HELEN went out and Penny cleared the table. She was a little bit ashamed of having been caught with the cigarette behind her ear. It smacked a little too much of hero worship, but then it probably was just that. At any rate, Murray wouldn't know. Nor would he care if he did. There were too many girls like Francine Jerrold and Sharon Minton, with cars, clothes, money, and looks, for him to bother with her.

Penny cleaned up the last table, turned out the lights, said good night to the cook and the dishwashers, and stepped out the back door into the chill November evening. It was cool out here, and she lighted her cigarette snipe. She found herself putting her shoulders against the wall and resting a little, because she was tired. This year, her last, wasn't going to be so easy. There just weren't enough hours in a day—not when you had to study and work too, and sandwich in sleep when you could. Maybe it was lucky that tomorrow was the last day of flying instruction. After that she would just fly out her hours when she could and get her certificate. It made her a little sad and a little excited, because flying was really fun. But it took money to fly, and money was at present the scarcest commodity in Penny's own particular world.

She smoked the cigarette down till it burned her fingers, because it was the last for the day, and then turned down the walk. Tonight she was watching Professor Hawthorn's kids, and she'd have to hurry.

She rounded the corner in the dusk, and somebody said, "Wait a minute, Penny."

Penny stopped. It was Francine Jerrold, and she had been waiting. Penny felt the old alertness now that she always felt with Francine. They had both been raised in the same small town, both fought over the same boys, gone to the same parties, joined the same sorority at the same school. If Penny had ever thought about it, she would have known that she'd come a lot farther on a lot less than Francine, who was born on the very right side of the tracks. Penny didn't think about it; she just disliked her.

Francine was tall with dark and sultry good looks. Several hundred dollars of Mr. Jerrold's money had gone into the coat that Francine wore so carelessly now. It could probably impress even Murray Sholes, who never noticed anything.

Penny said, "I'm late, Francie. Come along."

Francine fell in beside her, and offered her a cigarette. Penny refused with thanks out of some stubborn pride, wondering what Francie wanted. Francie chattered about classes for a block. Then suddenly she said: "How's the money holding out, Penny?"

"Money?"

"What you earned this summer."

"All right. Why?"

"You're working; I just wondered."

"Maybe I like to."

Francie stopped. "Oh, dear, I don't know how to say this, Penny. But would you like to earn five hundred dollars?"

Penny stopped too. They were on the walk in front of Old South. The lighted windows of the dormitory lay ranked behind them, but out here on the campus it was dark and they were alone.

FIVE hundred dollars," Penny whispered. It might as well have been five million. Then she said suspiciously, "Who do I murder?"

"Just solo for me tomorrow."

"Don't be ridiculous," Penny said promptly. "It couldn't be done."

"But it could! I can tell you how!"

"Why don't you do it yourself?"

"I'm—scared," Francie murmured. "Oh, Penny, I'm not really scared. I just don't understand what it's all about. I haven't studied and I haven't paid any attention. I know—I just know—when I get up there that I can't get down."

"Then tell Murray about it. Tell him you aren't sure of yourself and you want more instruction."

"But I have, and he thinks I'm being shy or modest!" Francie cried.

"Then just don't do it. Refuse."

"But I want to! I can't let him think I'm just some little dumb college girl that isn't even bright."

"Oh," Penny said. "So it's Murray, is it?"

Francie's voice was a little harder now. "That's it, darling. That's just exactly it, if you must know."

"It won't make any difference to him. He'll think it's cute," Penny said tartly.

"You don't know him," Francie said grimly. "I do. I—I'm in love with him, Penny. And I've got to go through with this because he expects me to."

"It's cheating, you know," Penny pointed out.

"It isn't! I'll never get in a plane again if you solo for me! I'll simply tell Murray that I've done what I set out to do, and that I'm just not interested. He'll respect that."

"What about the plane your father bought you that's sitting out there in the hangar for you to use?"

"I'll sell it. I'll give it away. Oh, Penny, help me! It won't hurt anybody. And we can do it and it'll be all over with."

"How can we?"

Francie told her. Tomorrow afternoon was the time set for her solo. Penny would have come out earlier, during lunch hour. When nobody was looking, Penny could slip into Francine's light plane in the hangar and hide in the rear seat. When it came time for Francie to solo, she would ask to use her own ship, which was like the instruction ship. Murray would let her. She'd taxi down to the end of the field, where she and Penny would change places. Taking off, they wouldn't pass the hangar, so Penny couldn't be seen. Penny would solo, land the plane at the far end of the field, they'd change places again, and Francie would taxi to the hangar. That done, Francie would inform Murray that she was through. She'd proven she could solo and now she wasn't interested.

Penny listened closely. It could be done. And if Francie didn't claim her certificate or go on with her hours, no harm would be done. And five hundred dollars would pull Penny through the year. It would even buy her a few flying hours.

It was all fine up to there, and then Penny considered. She was helping Francie to swindle a man into a love affair, maybe marriage. Well, why not? A man deserved exactly what he got in the way of a wife. If Murray was dope enough to be blinded by clothes and looks, it wasn't her fault.

"Love's young dream," Penny murmured almost angrily.

"What?"

"I said, how do you know I can solo myself?"

Francie laughed. "You can, Penny. You can do anything, once you set your heart on it."

Except get my man, Penny thought wryly. "Maybe we'll get pinched," she said.

"Dad can get us out of it. And here's a hundred dollars to start with."

Penny accepted the money reluctantly. It didn't feel clean. She was afraid Francie was going to kiss her, so she said abruptly, "I'll do it. But it's on your head."

PENNY bummed a ride to the airport with a couple of boys next morning. The car pulled up in front of the hangar, and Murray Sholes was at the workbench by the

door, his face, hands, and overalls all the same shade of yellow-black grease. He looked at Penny in a way that made her wonder if her tweed skirt was a little too ratty and her green sweater just a little too thin at the elbows.

Murray wiped his hands on some waste and came out. He wasn't awfully tall, and he had a lean, faintly wolfish look in his face, but that was just because of his scowl. His pale-gray eyes were alert and preoccupied, his smile swift and casual as he said hello.

"Wait till I shuck out of these overalls and I'll go up with you," he told her.

"Do you have to?" Penny asked.

The two boys had drifted in to see Earl, who was tinkering with a ship back in the hangar. Murray looked sharply at Penny. "Do I have to?" he echoed. "What's the matter? Have my teeth turned black or something?"

Penny laughed. "No; I'd just like to do it alone."

Murray looked at her searchingly, and then wheeled and shouted, "Earl, warm her up." He turned back to her, still wiping his hands on the waste, and said, "You're kind of a maverick, aren't you, Penny?"

"Why?"

"Well, yesterday Virginia Farrand almost fainted when I got out of the ship and told her to take it up alone. You won't even let me in it."

"I can fly it, that's all," Penny said calmly.

Murray nodded his head toward the ladies' room. "Get into your overalls. We'll see."

PENNY changed into overalls and came out. The light instruction ship was warming up, and Murray was listening to it, head cocked critically, her chute at his feet. She climbed into the chute, buckled it on, and glanced up at him. He was watching her with a curious, intent stare, a half smile on his lips which Penny interpreted as doubt.

"Well?" Penny asked.

"She's yours." He gave her the wind direction and told her which runway to use, then shut the cabin door and stepped back. His forehead was wrinkled in a frown, as if he were worried. There, behind his ear, was the eternal half-smoked cigarette. With sudden insight Penny knew his reason for this was the same as her own: once upon a time he couldn't afford to throw away half a cigarette.

But then she gunned the motor and taxied down toward the west end of the field. The wind, an eight-mile-an-hour one, was from the east. She must remember that for this afternoon.

Her take-off was perfect. She wasn't afraid, felt utterly at home. She climbed to two thousand, circled the field twice, and headed down. Her angle was a little steep, and when she came in she bounced high. But she fought the desire to gun it, and the

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ship settled again with a thud. Off by the hangar, Murray was watching.

It wasn't a very good landing, Penny reflected. So she gunned the ship again and took off. She circled the field once, got far enough away for a longer glide, and brought the ship down to a perfect landing. Just to prove that it wasn't an accident, she took off and landed again. The third landing was perfect. She wasn't scared, and now that she had the feel of it she wanted to do it a hundred times more.

RELUCTANTLY, however, she taxied up to the hangar, cut the switch, and stepped out of the plane. Murray looked at her inquiringly. "No buck fever?"

"A little," Penny admitted.

"But you didn't turn chicken," Murray grunted.

"No."

"Good girl. Smoke?" He held out a pack of cigarettes. Penny said, "Thanks, no," automatically and reached behind her ear for the snipe.

Murray, seeing it, reached for his own, and then struck a match for them both. They were grinning at each other suddenly, and Murray said, "You could have done that two hours back, you know. You were good enough."

"Six hours back," Penny said.

Murray cocked an eyebrow. "Aren't bragging, are you, Penny?"

"No. I'm not."

"I didn't think so. Well, I've got to get my work cleaned up before this afternoon. You're passed, colors flying and all that sort of thing."

Penny nodded briefly and walked over to the car. Why was it, she reflected, that she couldn't talk to him? All this silly chatter that she could clown away an hour with in the company of college kids just wouldn't come to her. She couldn't make herself do it with Murray; didn't even want to. And why, she decided savagely, should I worry about it? Little Francie does a better job of it than I do. She honked the horn in impatience.

At the hall there was a note in her mailbox from Francie. She was having lunch with Murray, so Penny had better get out there during the noon hour when Earl was gone, the note said.

Penny got a substitute in the dining room that noon, and at twelve fifteen took a taxi out to the airport. She had the bewildered cab driver leave her at the field gate. Earl's car was gone and she walked up to the deserted hangar. The Hamlin Cub that Francie's father had given her in expectation of her flying was over in the corner, bright and new and beautiful. Penny looked inside. In the back seat lay a folded blanket which Francie had said she could hide under.

Penny was about to step in, yet there was a vague feeling in her of something missing. The parachute, of course! She started across the shop, and then hauled up. If she took a parachute, it would be missed. And Murray Sholes was just stubborn enough to turn up heaven and earth until it was found. She'd have to do without one. Well, why not? Airline passengers didn't wear them, and she had more confidence in herself than they could have in a pilot.

Penny climbed inside and sat in the rear seat, and when she heard Earl's car drive up a little before one, she lay down on the floor and covered herself with the blanket. Soon after one the field began to hum with activity. One o'clock was the instruction hour, and today a lot of the boys were taking their solos. All three planes were being warmed up and they soon took off. Penny wished she really knew if Francie could persuade Murray to let her fly her own ship.

Presently she heard footsteps approaching on the hangar floor, and then Murray Sholes' voice came to her faintly: "All right, I don't see why not. Wait till we gas her up."

Funny, Penny thought. He sounds as matter-of-fact as if he were talking to me.

Penny felt the plane being wheeled out, and she lay motionless on the floor. If anybody really took the trouble to look in and investigate the large bundle on the floor, the jig was up. But nobody did.

Some one started the motor and for fifteen minutes Penny heard nothing. Then Francie's voice, shrill above the sound of the motor, came to her: "I just want to show you, Murray. Just this once."

Murray said, "You'd feel better if I took you up first."

"Please, Murray."

"All right." That was said doubtfully, Penny thought.

THE ship rocked a little, the cabin door slammed shut, Francie gunned the motor, and the ship rolled down the runway. I've got to remember it'll be heavier than when I was alone, Penny thought.

Presently the engine speed lessened and the ship began to slew around, and then it came to a stop.

Penny felt the blanket being lifted and she looked up into Francie's excited face.

"Hurry up, Penny, so it won't look queer!"

Francie, in overalls and parachute, scrambled back into the rear seat and Penny climbed into the pilot's seat. Everything was just the same as it was on the other plane. She gunned the motor and the ship started out. It was a little logy, so Penny gave it more throttle. The long runway was ahead of her, and she looked up at the hangar, calculating how close she could come to it.

And then, for the first time, she saw Murray frantically flagging her to stop.

For a second—only a second—Penny was panicked. She couldn't stop; she'd pull up square in front of Murray. And if there was another

plane coming in, she would be stopped smack in the middle of the runway where she'd be hit. No; the thing to do was to go ahead, to take the chance.

She gunned the motor and pulled back firmly on the stick. Behind her she could hear Francie's loud breathing. The ship lifted beautifully and now she could see the top of the hangar. And then something hit the ship.

There was a violent shudder and that was all—only, the ship was facing a different direction now, motor running smoothly.

"What—what was that?" Francie quavered.

Penny didn't answer. Looking back out the window, she saw Earl's ship wobble a little, right itself, and head for a landing. She'd hit him. Penny tried to kick her rudder then, to turn and watch the landing.

She couldn't budge the rudder. Francie, seeing her exertion, cried, "Penny! What is it?"

"Be quiet!" Penny said sharply. "I don't know. Let's wait till we get some altitude and I'll find out."

The plane was climbing beautifully; everything was lovely, except that the plane was headed irrevocably on a southeasterly course and Penny couldn't pull it off.

AT two thousand feet Penny leveled off. The elevators worked a little, but not well, she discovered. Something back there was wrong. Gingerly she opened the door, clung to the wheel, and stuck her head out. Though her hair whipped across her face and into her eyes, she saw what the trouble was. The rudder and the fin were both bent over flat against the elevators. In other words, she simply couldn't steer the ship.

She closed the door and looked back at Francie, whose face was a kind of hideous cement gray in color.

"Is it bad?" Francie stammered.

"The rudder's jammed," Penny said. "The ship won't turn."

Francie looked at her intently, slow terror creeping into her dark eyes. "What will you do?"

"I don't know," Penny answered faintly. This wasn't so good. She wanted time to think.

"Penny!" Francie cried. "I'm getting out of here!"

Francie was already fighting her way over the back of Penny's seat. "Get away!" Francie breathed. "Penny, let me out! Let me out!"

Penny remembered afterward that she didn't get mad. It was just a cold furious contempt that took hold of her as Francie, encumbered by her parachute, fought like a wildcat to climb over the seat and reach the door. Penny crowded over to her side as far as she could, and let Francie get to the door. Francie pushed it open and it slammed back. She was sobbing with a wild fear.

"Let me out! Let me out!" she sobbed.

Penny didn't move. Francie clawed the door open, putting her whole

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weight against it, and then, once it was open, looked down. For an instant she hesitated, and then she tumbled out. The door rapped her smartly as she went out, and then it slammed. Penny waited a sick ten seconds and then looked down. Francie's parachute had mushroomed open.

Penny settled back with a shudder. Francie was safe now—safe with the only parachute. Penny thought about that for a few moments, and then didn't think about it any more because it scared her. She concentrated on the ship, working with the rudder. It took ten minutes to find out she simply couldn't move it.

She sat back and considered. She had enough gas for four hours, she supposed, and then she'd have to come down. Where, she didn't know. How, she didn't know, either. And it would be dusk, maybe dark. No; before it got dark, she'd cut the motor and go down. But could she go down? Were her elevators all right? She tried them gingerly. They moved just enough so that she could go into a barely perceptible glide. Trouble with that was, the glide was so gentle she couldn't see far enough ahead to pick out a landing place.

She took out a fresh cigarette and lighted it. Good old Penny, always after the quick money, she thought bitterly. All right; get out of this. Just *try* and get out of this. This is the way it feels to be in the death cell waiting for the chair.

Quit it! she told herself. She extinguished the cigarette and from habit put the snipe behind her ear.

AND then, out of the corner of her eye, she saw something and yanked her head around. There, flying close to her, was Murray. He was grinning at her, waving at her. She waved back, tears in her eyes.

Then Murray's ship swung off a ways, and Penny saw his head bent over. Soon his ship swung in close to hers, and he held up a slate. Written in chalk were the words, "Tail assembly's jammed."

Penny nodded her head in assent. Again his ship pulled off, again he wrote, again he swung in close. "Don't be afraid," it said this time.

The third time he came up, Penny had quit crying. She studied the slate he held up. The writing was smaller, but she made it out: "Steer with your door."

Penny thought about that a long moment. Steer with your door. Tentatively she forced the door open. It didn't come to her until she looked below and saw the sere checkered November fields wheeling grandly in a slow circle below her.

Of course! The wind resistance of the door turned the ship! Penny yelled with delight. When Murray came up next, he was nodding and grinning. He held up the slate and on it this time was written her compass course.

He banked off then and let Penny fight the ship around until it was headed back home. Murray's next message was an order to try her elevators.

She did. Murray hovered close, watching her as her ship slowly fell below his own. Then he nodded, raised a hand and motioned her on.

Penny was excited now. She knew it was unreasonable, but she was no longer afraid. Murray was out there, and he'd get her down. She didn't know how, but he would. Side by side they flew for what seemed an hour. Murray kept peering ahead. Suddenly he ducked his head, wrote, and held up the slate.

"Madison ahead." He wrote again: "Long power glide." The last message was the word "Now."

Penny shoved the stick forward, and after a long minute she started to fall below Murray's plane.

THE next half hour was work—hard, racking work. Murray stuck by her. She lost altitude by inches, it seemed, but she was down to eight hundred feet when she came in over the field. Below her she saw the apron of the hangar jammed with onlookers. She picked out a police prowl car and a white ambulance.

It was a kind of insane backing and filling that she did now, overshooting the field, holding her door open to swing in a wide circle. Murray was around her and over her, grinning and nodding. The last time she came over the airport, she was lower than the top of the radio masts. She'd have to find a place to turn now where the trees weren't high. It was then that Murray wrote, "Follow me," and swung in ahead of her. She hung on his tail, and he swung her out over a plowed field to the north, and then turned her in a wide circle between two big elms bordering the road, finally heading her into the runway at an altitude of fifty feet.

He swung out then, and she saw the last message on his slate: "Fly her in."

That meant he was afraid of a stall and she shouldn't cut her motor. She nodded and waved to him, and for once he wasn't grinning. She had a sudden and terrible feeling of aloneness.

Penny concentrated on her job now. She was low, terribly low, but there was nothing ahead of her except the airport fence, which she could easily miss. She kept her throttle open and flew at the fence. Her wheels cleared it by feet, and there was the long runway ahead of her.

But she was eating it up, and still she wasn't landing. She passed the hangar some ten feet in the air and flew beyond it, and now she was going down a little. The far fence was creeping up swiftly.

And then she felt her wheels touch in a smooth landing. She braked frantically and cut her motor, and saw the fence hurtling at her.

When she was sure she'd hit, she braced herself and watched the fence fall beneath the nose of the plane.

There was a clang, and then a shriek as the prop cut the wire, and then a twanging of violin strings. The ship nosed down, the tail went up, hung there for a second, and then settled back with a thud.

She was down and stopped, and crying with excitement.

She felt the door yanked open, letting in the sound of the police siren, and then she was in Murray's arms.

"Oh, you blessed little fool!" Murray whispered to her. She couldn't answer because he was holding her so tight, his arms like steel cables around her.

In the office, after the police had got the last of the crowd out, Murray set her on an old couch and gave her a drink of whisky out of a paper cup, standing over her. There was a fierce baffled anger in his eyes.

"Why did you do it?"

"Francie offered—where is she?"

"She got a broken leg out of it," Murray said savagely. "I wish it had been her neck."

"But I thought you loved her," Penny said faintly.

Murray's glance could have curled a steel file. "That bush-league Theda Bara?" He shook his head slowly, his glance puzzled now. "A girl that would bail out of a plane with the only parachute and leave you there? Penny, when she bailed out and the plane still stuck up there, I knew there was something wrong. When I saw it was you, I hoped I'd die—I wanted to die—if we couldn't get it down. Why did you do it?"

Penny told him, looking up at him with her blue, faintly impudent eyes. As she talked, Murray's face softened.

"So that's all," Penny finished. "I just needed the money. You wouldn't have been responsible if I'd crashed."

"Responsible hell!" Murray cried. He was silent a moment, and then said, "Look, kid, you don't get it. You never have got it."

HE reached out and touched her hair, stroking it gently. His hand touched the cigarette behind her ear, and he took it and looked at it. He was smiling a little as he reached up for the cigarette behind his own ear. He looked at both cigarettes in the palm of his hand, and then dropped them and offered her a fresh one from his own pack. When both their smokes were lighted, he sat down beside her and said quietly:

"It takes a lot of hours to get this job, but I'm piling them up. It's a job down in Ecuador, and the pay is good, and by June I'll have my hours. But it's no good for a man without a wife." He looked at her and said, "You think you can smoke snipes till June?"

Penny laughed shakily. "That's a funny way to put it."

"I'm a funny guy and you're a funny girl," Murray said stubbornly. "But that's the way we are. Is it snipes till June?"

"Darling, I'll even learn to roll cigarettes," Penny said.

THE END

ILLUSTRATOR
JAMES SCHUCKER

"Now comfort me," she said, "because I've got to tell you something."

Unexpected Uncle

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

A synopsis of preceding chapters will be found on page 34

PART SIX—BLITZKRIEG, WITH MUSIC

JOHNSY came that evening while Kathleen and Mansley, with the Van Rensaelers and some Olmsteads and Armitages, were having dinner at the club. He came a little bit the way the Assyrians did. He had cohorts and they were gleaming. The first any one knew of his arrival was when a blast of music shook the big plate-glass windows of the dining room. But the way it shook the club windows was nothing compared to what it did to the club members. They rose from their chairs as one and stared toward the dock. Some of them thought it was Germans; some of them thought it was Willkie. Some of them thought it was a great mistake to have had so much to drink while playing poker the night before.

The crash came again and then it became a series of lesser crashes that could be recognized not as a tune but as many tunes. Van Rensaeler turned to Mansley.

"The tribes are up," he said. "Do *you* know what it means?"

Mansley smiled and nodded his head toward Kathleen, who was trembling all over. She knew.

Swiftly now a new hazard threatens a blithe romance

BY ERIC HATCH

who wrote My Man Godfrey, The Girl Next Door, etc.

"It belongs to her, I think," he said.

One of the waiters then had presence of mind enough to switch on a tier of floodlights, bright floodlights. They showed, marching up from the dock, an enormous number of assorted musicians wearing several different kinds of uniforms. At their head, in a white linen dinner jacket, marched Johnsy. Just behind him came three drum majors complete with busbies and batons. He led them across the drive and, with a certain amount of difficulty, lined them up on the terraces facing the dining room. He leaned over and spoke to the drum majors, who nodded, and then he walked up the steps. When he came into the dining room he looked around, waved to the people he knew. Then he saw Kathleen, stalked across the room to her table and held out his hand. Limply she took it.

"I'm serenading you," he said.

"What?"

"*I said I'm serenading you!*" He had to shout. The noise outside was simply deafening, for the musicians were really tearing into it now.

"It's lovely," roared Kathleen.

"It's lovely, but what is it?" shouted Mansley.

Johnsy grinned.

"It's the massed bands of the Palm Beach Fire, Police, and Sanitation Departments. Good idea, what?"

"Lovely!" roared Kathleen.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

KATHLEEN BROWN, salesgirl at the Palm Beach branch of Parkes-Fifth Avenue, is about to lose her job when Seton Mansley, a well dressed and important-looking man of sixty, saves it for her by pretending to Clayton, the manager of the store, that he is a director in the firm. When Kathleen discovers that he is just a gay adventurer who travels around in a trailer, she admires him even more and he becomes "Uncle Seton" to her.

Through Johnsy Hamilton, a wealthy young shoe manufacturer and playboy who is in love with Kathleen, Mansley and she meet Tommy Hargreave and Carol West, two Palm Beach socialites. When Clayton finds out about Mansley's trick and calls the police, and Sarah, Johnsy's snobbish sister, begins to persecute Kathleen, Carol West takes Mansley and the girl, along with Horace Quenton, a trailer-camp friend of theirs, to the fashionable Hobe Sound Beach Club, where they make an immediate hit.

Kathleen has quarreled with Johnsy and is unhappy, but Johnsy thinks up a way to soften her heart. At various times during the day gifts arrive for her—forget-me-nots with a note asking for forgiveness, a pair of white rabbits, an artificial grass pathway strewn with rose petals, and Johnsy's own car, a Rolls-Bentley. Johnsy isn't in the car, but Mansley convinces Kathleen that he will soon come to the club.

"I say," Van Rensaeler howled, "have they ever met each other before?"

Johnsy nodded his head.

"There's a lot of rivalry," he said. "Each band wanted to play its favorite-piece. I told 'em to go right ahead and play it. They're fighting to see who wins out. I like it."

"It's horrible," yelled Van Rensaeler. "Simply horrible."

"The winning band gets a cup," shouted Johnsy. "Like they do with fife-and-drum corps in armories."

"They don't do anything like this anywhere," said Van Rensaeler. "Can you stop it?"

Johnsy shook his head.

"Can't stop it till they finish. Couldn't tell who's won." He leaned toward Kathleen as though to speak confidentially, but he had to shout just as loudly anyway. "Hey, funny bunny. Am I forgiven?"

She nodded her head up and down as fast as it would go and took his hand, gave it a squeeze, and let it go. She was bubbling with laughter.

"I think the Fire Department's a little ahead," said Johnsy. "They're in better training. More wind."

The noise outside grew louder and louder, then it would fade for a few seconds and then roar to crescendo again. They played on and on and on.

"They *must* be finished by now," said Van Rensaeler.

"Oh, no," said Johnsy.

"How can you tell?"

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"They won't be finished till we can hear only one tune. It ought to be an hour yet. I put up a purse, too. Maybe they can last a couple of hours. What do you think, Van?"

"You know what I think," said Van Rensaeler.

"Tell you what," said Johnsy. "I'll move 'em a little farther off till you're through dinner. Then we can go outside and watch the finish."

With even more difficulty than he had had lining them up on the terrace, Johnsy got his massed bands back on the lawn by the dock. Conversation in the dining room was, if not easy, at least possible again and

"I don't mind Garbo or Bette Davis, but don't let me catch you admiring Deanna Durbin!"

the members went back to their eating. When Johnsy returned, the chairman of the house committee came over and chided Johnsy, who stood meekly by, listening.

But he was not really listening to the chiding, for all of a sudden he said, "Hush. One of 'em dropped out," and held up his hand. The bedlam outside was appreciably diminished and two tunes, or rather fragments of two tunes, could be distinguished: Moon over Miami and Six Lessons from Madame La Zonga.

"The cops are pooped," said Johnsy. "They've quit. That's what comes of riding around in automobiles all day. Come on, funny bunny, they're coming into the stretch."

Kathleen smiled at the others.

"You'd better come too," she said. "They *can't* last much longer."

She got up and went outdoors with Johnsy and down the stone steps. When the three drum majors saw her, two of them saluted with their batons. The third was too tired. She waved to them and then she and Johnsy sat down on the bottom step and watched. It was pretty good watching. The musicians slid their trombones in and out furiously and hammered their drums and blew as they'd never blown before. From time to time, as one of the bands succeeded in blasting out the other, the considerable crowd that had assembled would cheer. Johnsy took Kathleen's hand and held it tight.

"I've got something to say to you," he shouted.

He felt her shoulder tremble where it touched his. She tried to pull her hand away.

"Oh, Johnsy, not now. People can hear."

"The hell they can," shouted Johnsy. "If I can hardly make you hear, how can anybody else hear? I counted on that."

"But I've already told you I forgive you."

"Kathleen—I want you to marry me. Will you?"

Her shoulders trembled so hard now that he put one of his arms around them to steady them. Both of them forgot for the moment the noise and the crowd. After a little Kathleen stopped trembling.

"Take your time," said Johnsy. "You have forever, you know."

She nodded.

"I can hear Madame La Zonga better than Moon over Miami," she said. "I *can't* answer you now, Johnsy."

"You have the rest of my life to decide in," said Johnsy. "I just said that, but I said it differently this time. Heavens, the ashmen are slipping!"

BOTH bands were slipping. They were leaving out notes here and there and the drums were ragged. The noise grew less and less, and then all of a sudden it swelled up again like the thunder of battle when the reserves arrive. The coppers, since they had dropped out, had made bets among themselves. Now they were taking a practical means of insuring their bets. Half of them were sawing away at Madame La Zonga, half at Moon over Miami. The firemen and the ashmen took heart, found new courage and, from somewhere, fresh wind. The noise was frightful. Johnsy jumped to his feet and approached the drum majors.

"Looky," he said. "The ashmen win the cup, but I'll triple the purse so everybody wins. Now stop. You'll get your checks tomorrow."

The majors saluted and the massed bands stumbled off toward the village. Johnsy came back to Kathleen, lifted her to her feet.

"Come on down to the Python," he said. "We can have a drink and talk quietly."

Kathleen hesitated a second. Then she said, "Is Sarah—your sister—there?"

"She is not," said Johnsy.

"Then I guess I better come," said Kathleen. She took a few steps, hesitated again. "Should I have a—

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chaperon?" she asked. "I don't want one. I just mean would people think it was funny for me not to?"

"Listen," said Johnsy. "That boat has twenty-three chaperons—all on the pay roll, all listening at keyholes. Wait a minute. I'll tell Uncle Seton where we are."

Kathleen waited on the walk, saw him go up to Mansley and saw Mansley nod and then he was back and they were walking down the dock to where the Python lay, dwarfing the other big yachts. They walked slowly and in silence. It was a big moment for both of them, a dangerous moment. Both of them knew it.

ONCE aboard the Python Johnsy and Kathleen were seized with the freezing awkwardness that invariably comes over people who go to a specified place to talk about a specific matter. It hits warring husbands and wives and it hits heads of corporations, but it hits hardest lovers who haven't actually anything to talk about, since they have not yet reached a basis for argument. They began to act toward each other with the stiff courtesy of strangers. Johnsy asked Kathleen if she would care to look over the ship and she said with politeness that she would. She thought, What's happened? This isn't fun any more. It's exciting to be here waiting to talk about being married, but that isn't a thing you talk about; it's a thing you do.

The feeling of strangeness grew as they went through the boat from forecastle to the enormous owner's cabin in the stern. Once again she tried to picture herself as being mistress of this huge vibrating hunk of steel and mahogany. She couldn't do it. If it were something she and Johnsy had dreamed up together, something they had bought even, it would be different. But the idea of *marrying* a yacht—no, you married people, not things.

They went back to the deck via the after companionway, a staircase really, with a curve and a landing. When they reached the deck Johnsy gave her his crooked grin.

"What do you think of it?"

"Why, it's beautiful," said Kathleen. "It's . . ."

"Now ask me what I think of it," said Johnsy.

"Well?"

"*I* think it's perfectly ridiculous," said Johnsy. "It isn't a yacht, it's a headache. Too big."

"Then why did you buy it?"

"Didn't," said Johnsy. "It's an heirloom. It came with the factories. It's one of the reasons they were so run down. I sometimes think it's one of the reasons I'm sort of run down myself. Sarah loves it," he laughed, "and, believe it or not, those guys I work for wouldn't like it if I sold it. They feel it gives them prestige. They wouldn't like it if their boss didn't have a yacht when somebody else's boss did have one. They'd strike. They never have, but they would then."

Kathleen looked at him long and thoughtfully.

"I don't think I understand you at all," she said. "I don't see why you do so many things you don't like doing. Like—like drinking. Oh, I'm *sorry!*"

She gasped as she remembered the sudden anger that had risen in him when she'd asked him if he drank because he was unhappy. She didn't want him to get angry now. He didn't. He took her hand.

"Don't be sorry," he said. "You have a right to say that now. You had a right then, but I just didn't know it."

QUESTIONS

Score yourself on this quiz as follows:

1-4	Correct	Failure
5-9	Correct	Just skimmed by
10-12	Correct	Satisfactory
13-15	Correct	Honor mark
16-20	Correct	Teacher's pet

1—What current song hit was written by a widow, in grief for her late husband?

2—Why are there buttons on the sleeves of men's coats?

3—A train leaves New York for Boston every hour of the day on the hour, and likewise one leaves Boston for New York every hour on the hour. The run is exactly six hours. If a train left Boston at midnight, how many New York-Boston trains would it pass en route?

4—What does a policeman mean when he speaks of a "dip"?

5—Can you name the thirteen original colonies?

6—A tea table is what you serve tea on, but what is a water table and where is it found?

7—Why would you be considered silly if you went on a real wild-goose chase?

8—The word "love" is used in tennis to describe a score of zero. How did this all-important word come to be used in such a negative sense?

9—What countries are known as the A B C Powers?

10—Are gardenias so called because they grow in gardens?

11—What nursery rhyme is said to refer directly to a piece of thievery on the part of a king's messenger?

12—The name "Panzer" is seen often in the news these days. To what does it refer?

13—For a month to have five Sundays in it, must the first of the month fall on Sunday?

14—"Giving away the bride" is a leftover of what custom?

15—If you read the legend and studied the eagle on the United States fifty-cent piece, in what position would the lady be on the other side while you were reading?

16—Was Abraham Lincoln the first Republican candidate for President?

17—The "cat's whiskers" is slang for something pretty good. But what good are a cat's whiskers to a cat?

18—What is jingoism and how did the word come into being?

19—What is the chief distinction between the public schools in the United States and those in England?

20—Who was said to have adopted a policy of "watchful waiting"?

(*Answers will be found on page 40*)

"Johnsy, why is it when Uncle Seton says something nobody can understand I know right away what he means, and when you say something perfectly simple I don't understand it? How could I have had any right to say anything to you then?"

Johnsy put both hands on her shoulders, looked down into her eyes.

"Because," he said, "from the first minute I set eyes on you I loved you."

"Is that why you pinched me?" said Kathleen. She didn't mean to say that. She said it because she wanted to say something, anything, quickly so she wouldn't throw her arms around Johnsy and tell him how wonderful she thought he was. That just happened to be what came out when she opened her mouth. He shook her.

"Listen," he said. "I've told you what I think of guys who pinch people. I've told you I'm sorry."

"I'm not," said Kathleen. "You're not, really. It's just Mr. Clayton."

"Just Mr. Clayton what?"

"Who's sorry," said Kathleen. "Uncle Seton made him look foolish." She took a deep breath, released it as a sigh. "There!" she said. "Now I'm all right again. If you want to talk about us now, we can."

Johnsy took a step back from her and looked at her curiously. Before she said that he was beginning to get angry, because it had just occurred to him that he had been as gracefully stalled as a man could be. It had made him wonder whether she'd been playing with him all along. Now she wanted to talk. That meant she couldn't have been playing. He led the way farther along the deck and yelled for Wilkins, who came swiftly, bearing champagne. They sat down then side by side on the big lazy-back lounge around the stern and waited until their glasses were filled and the steward had taken himself off to an invisible vantage point. Then Kathleen, without looking at Johnsy, spoke.

FIRST, about the presents," she said. "The radio-phonograph and the Rolls-Bentley you've got to take back because they're too expensive for me to accept. The other things I just simply loved getting. The Rolls-Bentley made me cry."

"Why on earth should it?"

"Because your wanting to give me *that* meant you must be kind of desperate about me."

Johnsy laughed.

"You got the idea," he said. "That's what I meant it to mean."

"Oh, Johnsy!" Kathleen whispered it. "Oh, Johnsy!"

"Well," he said, "I'm desperate. We both know that now. What are we going to do about it?"

He was sitting, one hand holding his glass of champagne, the other holding a cigarette. This didn't seem to Kathleen quite the right way to sit at such a time. She was very upset, and when she was upset she always felt lonely and in need of

comforting. She sensed, though, that he was maintaining a hands-off policy out of respect for her. She liked him for it. She took a big sip of her wine, set down the glass, and stood up in front of him.

"I want to climb in, please," she said.

Johnsy started, spilled champagne. "You want what?"

"To climb in."

Before he had a chance to work this out, she had pushed his knees level and had curled herself on them. Then she leaned her head against his chest.

"Now comfort me," she said, "because I've got to tell you something."

"Oh, my heaven!" said Johnsy. "You're going to tell me you're married."

"No, I'm not," Kathleen mumbled into his shoulder. "Comfort me."

"I can't comfort you," said Johnsy. "I've got a glass in one hand and a lighted cigarette in the other."

"Maybe it's just as well," said Kathleen.

To her astonishment, she felt his knees quivering. She didn't know that the one thing men dread above anything else is having girls they're in love with say they're going to tell them something. It conjures up in their minds all sorts of awful liaisons, torturing pictures of sleek black-mustachioed lovers who have preceded them.

"Maybe you better not tell me," said Johnsy. "Maybe I'll be happier not knowing anything about it."

HE felt Kathleen's shoulder blade shaking where it prodded into him. His heart melted with love, then he heard her giggling.

"No," she said. "It isn't like that." She stopped giggling and was serious. "It's about marrying you. I want to tell you, only I can't think how, that I'm plenty enough in love with you to, but I don't know if I love you enough."

Johnsy was so relieved that he flung the cigarette away from him on one side and the glass on the other. He put his arms around her then and held her gently.

"How can we find out, funny bunny?" he said.

"Time will tell," said Kathleen.

Johnsy shook his head.

"No good," he said. "What do I do while you're finding out?"

"Oh," said Kathleen, lifting her head so she could look at him, "in the meantime we can be engaged. That's how we do in Waterford."

Johnsy didn't like it. Even if that was how they did in Waterford, he didn't like it, and since Waterford had given him Kathleen, he had a high regard for the place. He had lived long enough and been around enough to know that a probationary engagement puts a bachelor in much the same position as a married man with a legal separation. In both cases the male is hooked and gets all the woes of lovely bondage and none of the benefits. He laughed.

Simmer—do not boil—Frankfurts 5 to 8 minutes and serve immediately. Try them around a platter of spaghetti and tomato sauce. To make sauce, add 1 can tomato paste to 2½ cups canned tomatoes; season with grated onion and chopped green pepper; let simmer about 20 minutes. Pour over spaghetti; sprinkle with grated aged American cheese.

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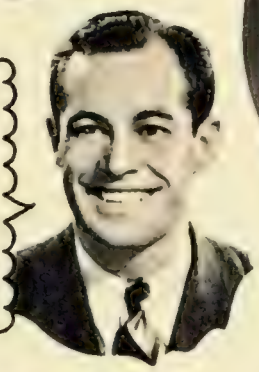

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Since they're to wear the Swift's Premium label, these extra-good frankfurts are made from selected cuts of good beef and pork. Expertly seasoned, they're smoked over fires of aromatic hardwoods . . . till they're done to a turn. For a "hit" dinner, order Swift's Premium Frankfurts . . . by name.

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"All you're doing," he said, "is taking an option."

"Oh, no," said Kathleen. "It isn't like that at all, because if I didn't think it would turn out that I do love you enough, I wouldn't be willing to be engaged to you. If I wasn't serious about it I would have said 'Yes,' and then you would have been very much engaged to me, and one day maybe I would have said, 'Oh, Johnsy, I just found out I don't love you enough.'"

"It would have been fun while it lasted," said Johnsy.

"I'd have hated it," said Kathleen. She burrowed into his chest for a second. "You see, I do love you quite a lot, Johnsy. It's just that to marry you a girl would have to love you much more than she'd have to love somebody else to marry them."

"Oh, come now!" said Johnsy. "I'm not that bad. I mean, I haven't got six toes or anything like that, you know. And my eyes aren't crossed and I'm healthy and I've got lots of money, really lots of it."

Kathleen nodded.

"That's one of the troubles," she said. "Maybe it's the biggest one. The rest is about your factories and being queen of Hamilton City and about your dri—about worrying about where you might be when you get plastered. I wouldn't want to have to worry about you ever again like I did yesterday! I just couldn't stand it."

This was better. It was more the sort of thing you should hear when you proposed to people. Johnsy began to suspect that she did love him and either didn't want to admit it or didn't know it. He tipped up her face, and the look in her eyes made him a little dizzy. He kissed her and for a little she clung to him. Then he loosed her.

"Do they wear engagement rings in Waterford?" he asked.

She gave him a very small hug, then got up and shook her dress to smooth it.

"They wear little ones," she said. "I'd love to have a little one. But I think we ought to ask my Uncle Seton if it's all right."

Johnsy got to his feet.

"I'll feel like a fool," he said, "but I'll do it." He took both her hands. "I have an idea I'd do pretty near anything for you. Frankly I'm surprised at myself. Either I'm reforming or I'm slipping. Come on. We'll get it over with."

He started to lead her toward the gangway. She paused.

"But you didn't have your champagne," she said. "You spilled it."

"You're my champagne," said Johnsy.

She laughed up at him.

"That's corny but I love it," she said. "Say some more."

They walked on up to the clubhouse, where Mansley was just on the point of allowing himself to be persuaded into a little more poker. The men he was going to play with actually believed they were persuading him and that they'd thought of it—in spite of the fact that Mansley had just been telling them stories of poker games on the Mexican border which he was almost certain would make their tongues hang out for a chance to get back at him for the night before.

THE following afternoon, newspapers all over the country told the world about Kathleen Brown. They didn't tell it with the headlines and guff that go with the usual Cinderella story and that have made the reading public feel the modern Cinderella is so sharp she wouldn't be found dead wearing a glass slipper unless it was Steuben glass or Tiffany. They told it with the special refined verbiage used for explaining to the reading public that a society girl is making a dangerous experiment. All the luridness fell on Johnsy. Kathleen was gently reared innocence done in white satin. Johnsy was, depending on the paper, Prince Charming, a satyr, a merchant prince, Bacchus, and a wealthy playboy. Johnsy was good copy. Kathleen would be in the future. In all the papers there was a photograph of her sitting laughing and gay behind the wheel of the Rolls-Bentley. She looked exactly like any girl at Palm Beach sitting behind the wheel of a Rolls-Bentley.

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In some ways Seton Mansley approached genius. He had sent to the Palm Beach Post and the News a simple announcement for their society pages.

Mr. Seton Mansley of Hobe Sound announces the engagement of his niece, Miss Kathleen Mansley Brown, to Mr. Johnson Hamilton of Palm Beach and Hamilton City, Massachusetts. Miss Brown is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown of Waterford, New York, a granddaughter of the late Henry Brown of Buffalo, and a descendant on her paternal side of Donovan Brown who served with distinction as an officer under General Washington.

On her maternal side, Miss Brown is descended [Mansley had itched to write "perhaps"] from the Mansleys of Dublin, Ireland, and is a descendant of the fabulous Barnaby Mansley who was said to have been staying at Blarney Castle near Cork at the time of the finding of the Blarney Stone and to have been largely responsible for starting the famous legend.

Miss Brown was educated in Waterford and abroad.

THERE followed the customary studbook data about Johnsy and the statement that the wedding would not take place until the spring or early summer.

The Mansley touch, the blending of truth and fiction he used in his anecdotes, was all here. The first part of the announcement, the part about her American lineage, was strictly true, even though the officer who served under Washington had served way under him. He had, actually, been a police constable. The Irish part he got around in his conscience by feeling there wasn't any reason why it shouldn't be true. The truthfulness of any one's genealogy is no greater than the truthfulness of one's lady ancestors, and the more beautiful they have been the harder it has been for them to be strictly truthful. Mansley knew Kathleen's ancestors must have been very beautiful indeed. He saw no reason at all why she shouldn't be descended from practically any one. The announcement delighted him. It frightened Kathleen because she knew it made her an Important Person, the sort of important person of whom she had always been a little bit afraid.

The first visible sign that this had happened came in the late afternoon when she and Johnsy motored in to Palm Beach to buy the rings. At the first suggestion of going to Palm Beach, Kathleen had remembered her horror at seeing the two policemen waiting for her in the store, and had protested. Johnsy laughed at her and explained that she couldn't very well be pinched for kidnaping her fiancé and that so far as Mansley's having committed impostoring went, he wouldn't be touched, as he hadn't personally profited by it or even tried to. Johnsy explained further that after the firemen's and ashmen's and policemen's outing he'd set the boys up to the night before, he thought Kathleen could be given a golden key to the city if she'd like one. Kathleen still doubted, but when they went to the jeweler's and she wasn't even allowed to look at rings in the showcases but was taken into the private room where the really hotcha customers were allowed to sit while their pearl necklaces were restrung, she stopped doubting.

From the jeweler's they went to the Bath and Tennis and Pool and Lunch and Thing Club for cocktails. The minute they got inside the place, people began coming up to Johnsy to be introduced. It didn't ruffle Kathleen, because even in Waterford, or at the store, when a girl first got engaged every one made a fuss over her and she was a sensation until people got used to the idea. It struck her as funny, though, when she thought that only a few days ago she'd been afraid of being thrown out of this very place if any one she'd sold things to at Parkes' recognized her.

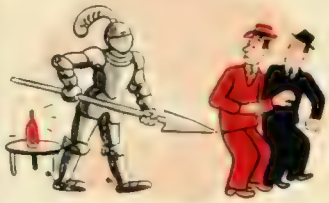
She had a lovely time, and was proud of herself and of Johnsy, who didn't weave at all and stayed right by her side helping her out when conversations got sticky, and turning down invitations that she might have thought she ought to accept and generally being everything a fiancé should. It wasn't until they were starting back for Hobe Sound that the first flaw in an otherwise perfect world appeared to Kathleen. The flaw was named Sarah Hamilton, and it only appeared then because both

Why there's no moat around my house

I like to have friends in for a drink.

But the new higher whiskey taxes and prices sure raise heck with hospitality. I thought instead of having folks in I'd have to build a moat to keep them out.

Then, happy day, I discovered Mattingly & Moore!



And with it, discovered I could pay less and still not step out of the good-whiskey class.

Yep—M & M tastes as good or even better than my old higher-priced brand. It lets

me pay the new tax and like it. It lets me have the boys in. It builds up my rep as a good host.

You ought to get wise to M & M. Why don't you buy a bottle, today?

Mattingly & Moore

BLENDED WHISKEY—86 proof—72½% grain neutral spirits. *Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*

she and Johnsy had been much too busy all day to think about her.

Johnsy had parked his sister in much luxury and comfort at the swankiest hotel when he sailed in the Python the day before. She'd let herself be sidetracked without a peep because she thought he was hot on a business deal, and it wasn't until they were driving past the hotel that he remembered he'd entirely forgotten to telephone her. This was, of course, the worst sort of strategic error. He thought he might be able to make up for it by stopping to see her now and pretending he didn't know his engagement was in the papers, that she was the first to know. He thought so until Kathleen put her foot down. She hadn't told Johnsy about going aboard the Python the night he was hurt, and about the way Sarah had treated her, but she told him now. When she had finished Johnsy swore softly, then he said, "We won't stop there. I'm not going to give her a chance to be rude to you today. This is our day. I'll see her tonight. It's a shame that had to happen."

"Thanks for not trying to make me see her now," said Kathleen. "I'm glad you understand about today."

Johnsy drove across the drawbridge to the mainland and started slowly up Route 1.

"I hope," he said after a little, "Sarah isn't going to get in your hair. It would be tough if she made a difference when you come to deciding whether you're going to marry me."

Kathleen splashed a few tears onto her lap, little tears.

"I think I've almost decided now, Johnsy; but, either way, she won't matter. She can't change things—with us."

"She frightens me sometimes," said Johnsy.

"Oh, *Johnsy!* She *can't* frighten you! She just likes to take things out on people. Like Mr. Clayton does. She can say things but she can't *do* anything about us."

Johnsy wasn't smiling any more. He was staring at the road, white in the headlight glare, but he seemed to be seeing something else.

"She might," he said. "You know she's going to try, don't you?"

Kathleen was too happy to be really worried.

"You mean because I used to be a saleslady?" she said.

"I mean," said Johnsy slowly, "because, unless I was marrying some aging and childless relic with at least two million in her own name, Sarah would do everything in her power to stop it."

"She hasn't any power," said Kathleen. "All she can do is say things." Kathleen broke off, laughed. "Johnsy."

"Uh-huh?"

"Sticks and stones can break my bones but words can never hurt people who live in glass houses. How do you like that?"

Her laugh was catching.

"I like it," said Johnsy. "I'll build you the biggest glass house anybody ever thought of."

"Oh, *no*, Johnsy, because then we couldn't throw stones, and we might feel just like it some time."

They talked then about who they'd throw stones at and made a list of famous people who annoyed them, and were enjoying themselves hugely by the time they reached Hobe Sound.

Their enjoyment was short-lived. The captain of the Python was waiting for Johnsy in the club driveway.

"Mr. Hamilton, the office has been trying to get you on the radiophone all afternoon," he said. "There's trouble at the plant. Labor trouble, I think, sir."

Will the trouble at Johnsy's factory separate him and Kathleen? Will the catty snobbish Sarah do something to break the engagement? Exciting events crowd the coming chapter of this lively love story.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 36

1—I'll Never Smile Again, which was written by Ruth Lowe after the death of her husband.

2—Frederick the Great put them on the sleeves of his soldiers' uniforms to stop the soldiers' habit of wiping their faces on their sleeves. Tailors since that day have made buttons on the sleeves an almost universal style.

3—It would pass eleven—every train that left New York for Boston from 7 P. M. to 5 A. M. inclusive. The train that left New York at 6 P. M. would arrive in Boston at the instant the Boston-New York train left, and therefore is not passed en route. And the train leaving New York at 6 A. M. pulls out at the instant the Boston-New York train arrives.

4—A "dip" is slang for a pickpocket.

5—Virginia, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Georgia, and North and South Carolina.

6—It is the upper limit of "ground water" which saturates the rocks and soil under the surface of the earth. Springs, ponds, and lakes are formed where the "table" intersects the surface.

7—Because wild geese are extremely hard to catch and not much good for anything after capture.

8—According to best authorities, this use of "love" comes from the phrase "playing for love of the game instead of for stakes." In this sense the word meant nothing, and that sense was transferred to the scoring where "love" came to mean zero.

9—Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, three leading nations of South America.

10—No. They are named for Alexander Garden, a famous American naturalist.

11—According to legend, "Jack Horner" referred to a courtier of Henry the Eighth who was carrying to the king some deeds of the Manor of Wells. These deeds were concealed in a pie. "Jack" is supposed to have lifted up the crust and stolen the deeds.

12—Panzer refers to Hitler's armored troops. Panzer means "armored" in German.

13—No. Months with thirty-one days will have five Sundays also if they start on Friday or Saturday; those with thirty days will have five Sundays also if they start on Saturday.

14—It is a remnant of the days when a father sold his daughter to the bridegroom. He is literally handing over the property.

15—She will be upside down.

16—No. He was the first Republican Presidential candidate elected. Their first candidate was General John C. Frémont in 1856.

17—The whiskers are just about the width of the cat's body. When he goes into narrow places, they brush on the walls and thus warn him when the place is too narrow for the rest of his body.

18—It refers to extreme nationalism. The term, suggested by the phrase "by jingo" in a British music-hall song, became popular during the Russo-Turkish War.

19—In America, public schools are free to the public. In England, the term describes the great private schools, like Eton.

20—Woodrow Wilson was said to have adopted this policy just prior to our entrance in the first World War.

Parkay is the delicious new margarine made by Kraft. It adds a delightful flavor to fried foods—doesn't spatter or stick to the pan. And that's not all—Parkay is a delicious spread for bread and a tasty seasoning for hot foods. Use Parkay too as a flavor-shortening for baking!

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MIRACLE WHIP SALAD DRESSING

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

THE American flag inspired Beulah Henry's first inventive impulse. Across the street from her grandma's home stood a United States post office, flying, of course, the Stars and Stripes. One evening, when she was six years old, Beulah saw the flag pulled in on its lanyard. "Why not make a hollow pole with the flag rolled up inside?" she asked her grandma. . . . Nothing developed along *that* line, but Beulah Louise Henry has since become a champion lady inventor, no other woman having taken out as many United States patents. Into production have gone more than a hundred novelties originated by her, some being marketed widely. Forty thousand of her snap-on umbrella covers were sold in the first thirty days. Another quick success was her air doll, a pneumatic doll which has movements amazingly lifelike. Her new typewriter attachment, the Protograph, gives five facsimile copies without use of carbon paper, while her still newer Sweetheart key tops (finger-fitting cushions for typewriter keys) safeguard even the longest pinkies any Hollywood stenographer may cherish.

I receive letters so often from hopeful lady inventors, that I thought it might be helpful to call on Beulah and find out how she works. Discovered a husky young woman, tastefully dressed—*not* in overalls—yet spick and span in the midst of a shop full of automatic machines, which she adores. Here's her advice to any girl with a flair for inventing new gadgets:

☆ "Write your idea down in plain language," says Miss Henry. "Never mind about technical terms. Make crude sketches and get a friend to witness your notes in the presence of a notary public, then take them to a patent lawyer. If your brain child is genuinely new, and sound commercially, you ought not to have much trouble financing it." . . . Essential to her equipment, Beulah Henry declares, is the desk drawer she calls her *crazy drawer* filled with odds and ends. She carves parts of her models out of soap, completes them with adhesive tape, hairpins, rubber tubing, glue, buttons, cardboard, plastic wood, needle and thread, a sharp whittling knife, a nail file—*and* an imagination. . . . That's all you need, girls. Now go to it. *Invent* something!

☆ A thrifty young lady who works in Chicago wangled one month's free rent last summer by consenting to be the first tenant in a large empty apartment building, newly renovated. It was silent and spooky there, all by herself, until one night a loud blast of radio music shattered her sleep. Armed with an umbrella and a police whistle (the latter having been purchased with just such a scare in mind), she girded a boudoir coat around her, stepped bravely into the hall, blew a terrific blast. No cops came, but a very good-looking young man popped his face out of the apartment next door. "Is the house pinched?" he exclaimed. "I moved in here tonight, and it was so darn quiet I turned my radio on full blast to keep my courage up."

To date they remain the only occupants of the building—but they aren't lonesome any more. One night they dine together in her place; the following night they dine in his. It's like being shipwrecked on a desert island—except for the fact that she is now introducing her Robinson Crusoe neighbor to her family and friends with a certain shy air of ownership. You know what *that* means.

"Do you suppose it could have been the upside-down cake?"

☆ To most of us who are young in years—or still feel that way—champagne and lobster reach our highest altitudes of exalted feasting. Nowadays it doesn't cost a great deal. For a supper party after the football game try this *Creole Lobster:* . . . Cut 1½ cups canned (or fresh) lobster meat in 1-inch pieces. Rub heavy saucepan with 1 clove garlic. In pan slowly melt 2 tablespoons butter; add 3 minced scallions or small white onions, 1 finely chopped green pepper. Fry 5 minutes. Next stir in 2 tablespoons flour, salt and pepper, pinch of ground thyme. After 5 minutes' cooking add 1 cup tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and drained, then 1 cup cream, then the lobster meat. Heat thoroughly but do not let boil. Serve on hot buttered toast. . . . *Norfolk Cider*, a new import from England, sparkling and very mildly (7 per cent) alcoholic, is the new drink college smarties are using for champagne. A dollar a bottle.

☆ Smart new substitute for old-fashioned cussing: Glare at the object of your wrath. From lips grimly compressed count, "*One-two - three - four - five - six - seven-eight-nine-ten!*" You are holding your temper, refraining from voicing the imprecations you have in mind. It is stylish—and nasty!

☆ For some reason *beggars* are always interesting to women. Harlan W. Gilmore's book, The Beggar, tells many truths about American panhandling. (The University of North Carolina Press.)

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

Our Next Vice President

WHICHEVER side triumphs in the national election, the next Vice-President of the United States will be no obscure and obscured musical-comedy Throttlebottom.

Although the Republican and the Democrat were both hand-picked for definite and particular political purposes by their Presidential running mates, each is nationally known for definite contributions to his country. Each can stand on his reputation.

Also, for the first time since the industrialization of the United States, both Vice-Presidential candidates are farmers—not merely farm owners but dirt-under-the-fingernails, crop-growing, scientific farmers.

Technically, a Vice-President's main job is to preside over the Senate. He cannot even vote, except to break a tie. But, as John Nance Garner has demonstrated, sometimes to President Roosevelt's chagrin, a strong man in the office has powerful influence on legislation if he chooses to exercise it. Moreover, a Vice-President is a potential President, or ought to be. Should Fate decree that either Charles L. McNary or Henry A. Wallace become the head of this government, no unknown will mount to that high place by accident.

If Charlie McNary moves to the rostrum of the Senate, there is not a member of that august body who will not wish him well. In 1938, after the first rise in Republican fortunes since 1930, the old-guard leaders of that party made a vigorous effort to have McNary unseated as Senate minority leader as punishment for his unconformity to Republican shibboleth. The senators rejected the command of the party leaders, and the members on the other side of the aisle rejoiced for their friendly enemy, although the Democrats knew McNary had consistently outsmarted them and that a more partisan Republican wheel-horse type of leader would have been easier to handle.

But first let us take a quick look at the vital statistics. McNary is sixty-six years old. He was born on a farm near Salem, Oregon, worked his way to a law degree by laboring as a hired hand, and today lives in the middle of his own orchards within walking distance of his birthplace. He has been married twice, has been in politics since he got his law degree in 1898, and has been in the United States Senate since 1917. He has no children of his own, but is rearing an adopted daughter.

The McNary farm, Fir Cone, was carved out of the wilderness by the senator's pioneering Tennessee grandfather. Its present landlord has made it into a fruit and nut orchard which is a model for productivity. McNary, whose acceptance speech on August 27 was a talk on pioneering, was talking as one who had practiced being a pioneer, not just a descendant of one. He pioneered as an orchardist, made the growing of nuts as a market crop his locality's specialty, and he developed the mammoth Imperial prune, which raised that boarding-house fruit to aristocracy.

The Senator is a dapper, urbane, debonair gentleman. His sartorial badge is a bow tie. He plays a little golf, enjoys a highball, knows good food, and would appear to be at home in any cosmopolitan setting. For all that, he hates crowds and big cities—Washington included—and loves best to be under his 175-feet Oregon firs.

Politically, he has been faithful to only one G. O. P. tradition—high tariff. In isolationism the Republicans have caught up with him, since ceasing to be the party of imperialistic expansion: McNary is heart and soul against centralized government, and his reason is pat and cogent. McNary does not want to see the Northwest's individuality and independence subjected to Washington's remote control. From that same conviction sprang his reasons for opposing the repeal of the arms embargo and the sale of American military equipment to the Allies. He wants the United States to be free from all foreign complications, and in turn he wants the several states to be as free from external domestic

(Continued on page 44)

CHARLES L. McNARY

Here he is, in a frank and revealing close-up . . . On which page? You decide!

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

CHARLIE McNARY would have no trouble in being elected the best dressed man in the United States Senate. His rival for the Vice-Presidency and for the title of the farmers' friend, Henry A. Wallace, was actually voted "the worst dressed man" in the government by a group of spoofing newspapermen.

Wallace has lately learned to curb his unruly shag of hair and to keep his pants pressed. Otherwise he has not changed much since he came to Washington in 1933 to write the New Deal's farm policy and to take the office of Secretary of Agriculture which his father had held before him in the Cabinets of Warren Harding and Calvin Coolidge. Wallace did not become a registered Democrat until 1938—the year Wendell Willkie left *his* party to become a Republican.

The Democratic candidate for Vice-President was born on a farm in Adair County, Iowa, fifty-two years ago. His grandfather, "Uncle Henry" to thousands, was a Presbyterian preacher who turned farmer and eventually took over his son's struggling farm periodical to make it the most influential agricultural publication in the Middle West. Henry C. Wallace, the candidate's father and predecessor in the Cabinet, originated the ideas which his son inherited together with the magazine Wallace's Farmer. The third-generation Wallace is married, has two sons and a daughter, and makes his home in Des Moines, Iowa.

He is the author of half a dozen books on agronomy, a mathematician and statistician whose corn-hog ratio charts are a standard means of predicting market trends.

Wallace detests golf. He plays a dogged game of tennis—in his bare feet. Last year he took up boomerang throwing for exercise, and can be seen any fair morning on the broad grassy Mall in front of the Department of Agriculture tossing the Australian weapon and catching it on the return, all unconscious of the gallery of gaping tourists. For many years he was a strict vegetarian, and he still drinks quarts of carrot juice for health and refreshment. He does not smoke, does not drink beverages of any alcoholic content, and does not care if others do.

By WALTER KARIG

HENRY A. WALLACE

Wallace's theory of farm economics stems from an international point of view. Troubles first assailed agriculture, he declares, when the United States passed from the status of a debtor nation to that of a creditor nation during the World War. Before 1914 we owed Europe money, paid our debts in produce. After 1918 all the world owed us money, and sought other sources of imports because the more it bought from us the deeper into our debt Europe fell.

In the 1920s and 1930s the farmers were growing foodstuffs on the same scale as when they were feeding most of the world. The surplus depressed domestic prices to the point where it cost more to harvest wheat than the grower could sell it for, and to Wallace the immediate solution was to get rid of the surpluses.

Thus originated the still criticized New Deal policy of "plowing under." That millions of Americans were desperately hard up for food at the time worried Wallace, but his job was to help farmers by raising prices.

He still worries as to why it is that the United States, with more area for its population than any other big power, with more food than it can eat, more sheep than it can shear, more timber than it can use, still contains millions of families "ill housed, ill clothed, ill fed." He says he does not know the answer. In the food-stamp plan he is attempting to meet the argument that the problem is essentially one of distribution; but it still amounts to paying the farmer with federal money for food that is furnished free to the indigent.

For a long-scale program Wallace says he is committed to finding a way to "raise the greatest amount of foodstuffs on the least acreage with the smallest amount of human effort."

When the first AAA program was tossed out by the Supreme Court, Wallace studied the objections cited by the justices, and built a second effort to put the farmers under voluntary federal supervision to which the Supreme Court could not object.

(Continued on next page)

CHARLES L. McNARY influences as the commonwealths of a republic can be. His theory of foreign policy, you can immediately see, is at strange variance with that of Wendell L. Willkie; but that is only one point of departure from the opinions of the Republican Presidential nominee.

All his life McNary has fought the private power corporations, and he was one of the most enthusiastic backers of the Muscle Shoals development and of TVA. He was one of the few Republican senators to vote to have the government buy up the Tennessee properties of Willkie's Commonwealth & Southern utility company. He is Bonneville Dam's daddy, and sponsors providing publicly owned or co-operative power companies with priority rights to the electricity to be engendered there.

But Willkie wanted McNary for his running mate because the ticket needed a man with a radical but consistent farm policy, a Westerner whom the East and South knew and respected, and one wise in the ways of Congress. Any other differences of opinion, Willkie said, could be compromised, and McNary accepted. He is a genius at compromise.

Paramount McNary interest is raising the farm income. It was he who made the entire nation conscious that there was a farm problem, and who taught the farmers that they all shared in the problem. The McNary-Haugen "equalization fee" bill which President Coolidge vetoed is the father of all subsequent farm-aid legislation. McNary has also been regarded askance by regular Republicans because he has voted for government spending more often than not; but McNary is opposed to letting Washington control the purse strings. He thinks the federal function should be to supply money when it is needed, but that it should be passed out under local auspices.

It has been said that McNary led the debt-burdened farmers up to the door of the United States Treasury, but that Wallace opened the door and invited them in. Let us take a look, then, at the other man who will be Vice-President, if McNary isn't.

HENRY A. WALLACE The essential idea is intact, summed up by nonagriculturists as "paying the farmers for not raising something." Soil conservation is the spark plug of the present AAA and 85 per cent of the nation's farmers are subscribing to it. All farm-aid programs, however—and that includes McNary's—are basically some means of raising money by taxation for distribution among the farmers to "equalize" their earning power. This, Wallace and the Democrats in general say, is no different from having the consumer pay, in import tariffs, a tax to keep wages and stock dividends of industry on a high level.

Only—Wallace doesn't believe in tariffs. He subscribed to the Hull reciprocal tariff theory, and told farmers who protested against lower duties on Canadian butter, Polish ham, and Argentine beef that lessened taxes on manufactured articles more than made up the difference.

The war has made reciprocal trade agreements a dead letter; but it is worth noting that Willkie agrees with Wallace, and McNary disagrees with both, on that principle. Willkie has, in fact, praised Wallace's accomplishments as a Secretary of Agriculture.

If McNary invented a prune, Wallace invented a hybrid corn which yields more to the acre than most. The paradox of a man striving to cut down farm surpluses breeding a more productive strain of corn can't be overlooked. But he bred that corn in 1913.

As the head of the Department of Agriculture's vast normal interests, plus the New Deal's rural resettlement program, surplus commodities corporation, farm security administration, crop insurance, soil conservation, rural electrification, and so on, Wallace has handled the most far-reaching *domestic* government department of any. It reaches *every* home. Its effects are felt abroad.

Wallace or McNary? Maybe the rest of the country outside of the farmers doesn't care much. With it the question is, Roosevelt or Willkie? But they should not fool themselves. The day of the nonentity in the Vice-President's chair is gone.

THE END

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READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Why Glenn Miller's Music gets the girls

The lively, human story behind the swift success of a new king of melody

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

GLENN MILLER is the Juke-box King.

A juke box, perhaps it should be explained, is that overgrown, over-decorated, and frequently over-worked music box with the stop-and-go lights which stands, these days, in some three hundred thousand of our bars, cafés, danceries, and honky-tonks. You put a nickel in the slot, push the button of the number you want, and out comes Bing Crosby or the Andrews Sisters or, once out of every three times right now, Glenn Miller and his band.

The main points to remember in appraising Glenn Miller's current eminence is that the juke box has passed beano as the nation's fastest growing industry, that the take of the juke-box business is $150,000,000 a year, that it now consumes 44 per cent of the product of the reviving phonograph business, and that it has thus become the chief barometer of the nation's musical taste.

Glenn Miller's ascendancy has not been built on any one number or group of numbers.

This may be due in part to the fact that, though long a favorite trombonist in other men's bands, he has been playing scarcely two years as a separate orchestral entity. But, whatever the reason, it is Miller *as* Miller and the band *as* the band to which the juke boxes have turned.

Everywhere they are saying it with nickels, proving beyond a doubt that Glenn Miller's band is what it is now almost always called, the Band of the Year.

Glenn's first musical instrument, prophetically a trombone, was given him by a butcher he worked for when he was about ten years old, and although it was no sliphorn de luxe, this first brass, it was destined to become the talisman which would open to this child of the Dust Bowl the wonders of the outside world. And they needed some opening.

The Millers lived in Clarinda, Iowa, when little Glenn was born—March 1, 1911, was the date—but Pa Miller couldn't stand the metropolitan life and moved his family to a farm in Nebraska forty miles from a railroad.

Then came a longer sojourn for the Miller family in Colorado, where Glenn attended high school and, thanks to his ownership of the trombone before mentioned quite as much as to any high standards of proficiency required of him, was selected to play in the school orchestra. It wasn't much of an orchestra, but it *was* an orchestra, and it gave the boy Glenn the first real chance to sell his wares.

That his wares were ragtime jazz goes without saying.

Riding high on the jazz wave, the young trombonist landed a job, between high school and college, with Boyd Senter's orchestra in Denver. He stayed with the band for a year. Then came the University of Colorado for two more years. But soon he was truckin' across the Rockies to join Ben Pollack's band, in which Benny Goodman played the clarinet.

After Pollack's and a season or two in the pits, Miller emerged as the skillful arranger of jazz and swing music he is acknowledged to be today. Engagements with name bands followed in quick succession: Paul Ash's, Red Nichol's, Victor Young's, Jacques Renard's, Freddy Rich's, both Dorseys', and Ray Noble's. Then a period of free-lance arranging, out of which grew the decision which so suddenly and spectacularly climaxed his career.

Glenn Miller with his trombone and, right, soloist Marion Hutton.

His arrangements were frequently too radical in treatment for the average swing band, so, whenever one wasn't accepted, he filed it away in his personal music library, and when he had some fourteen of these rejected arrangements and a little money saved up, he decided to quit working for other people, and organized a band of his own. In two months he had his fourteen-piece combination rehearsed and was off on a tour of one-night stands.

In September, 1938, he was booked with his band into the popular State Ballroom in Boston. Collegians began hiring the outfit for the fall dances; a big recording company signed the boys for regular record

releases; and then New York's Paradise Restaurant called them over to play for the vacationing college gang for the Christmas holidays.

Balance of the winter was so-so, but come spring, came the break. The band went to Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook Club in Cedar Grove, New Jersey, and started to build up quite a reputation. With summer it moved to Westchester's Glen Island Casino and things began to hum. Within five months Glenn Miller's band was making more phonograph records, playing more radio dates than Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw together.

Presently Glenn was doing ten sustaining radio programs a week, by which he gained the national prominence which led to the first commercial sponsorship over CBS and the beginning of one of radio's most spectacular careers. In a recent polling of radio fans, Miller received almost twice as many votes as his nearest competitor, Tommy Dorsey, and in the retail phonograph field, he is also far out in front of the fast-stepping orchestral parade.

ON the road, working on a guaranty-and-percentage basis, he seldom takes less than $3,000 out of a one-night stand. The band's take last year was over half a million, with Glenn himself soaking away at least $150,000 as his share.

Glenn is a musical perfectionist, a musician's musician. He has composed several excellent orchestral pieces of his own, including his signature number, Moonlight Serenade. As an individual performer, he is recognized as the profession's outstanding trombonist. He has played the instrument in almost every important name band in the swing cycle. But his horn-blowing, inspired as it often is, has long been mere doubling in brass for his already mentioned special gift, that of an arranger. For years he was in great demand with newly formed bands to help the leader assemble a library of favorites suited to his particular assortment of players.

Sometimes during this period Miller played in the band as first trombonist; other times he free-lanced solely as an arranger with several bands at one time. As a result, he had an unparalleled opportunity to observe the capabilities of individual players.

His "little red book" which contains the names of the profession's key men became famous, and when he decided, a little over two years ago, to form his own band, all he had to do was to consult its pages to bring into existence just the organization which he had long envisaged on paper.

The result of the man's musicianly expertness, his thoroughness, and his firm discipline is that smoothly "distinctive singing reed style" which is his band's most outstanding characteristic and which shows to notable advantage in his famous group arrangements for four saxophones and a clarinet.

Although still leaning heavily on his gift for working his men in sections rather than as individuals, Miller has shown himself quite willing to vary his style. Said a critic not long ago:

"Currently the leader [Miller] is strengthening the spotlight on various members of his group and has made several changes to bring in 'take-off' men. Numbers of his latest records include solos on drums, sax, and trumpet, including one long one on recent recording of 'Bugle Call Rag,' something never before encountered on a Miller disc."

Two other recent records, PE-6-5000—so-called from the phone number of the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York, where the band played a triumphant engagement — and Rug Cutter's Swing, show the same tendency to supplant unit performances by groups with individual trumpet and saxophone take-offs.

Glenn's willingness to give credit where credit is due, which makes him perhaps the most loved boss in the band business, is exemplified in his relations with his two youthful vocalists, Ray Eberle and Marion Hutton.

Most band leaders change their vocalists frequently so that the band, not the singer, will get the publicity play. But, with the exception of a few months when Glenn's sponsor felt that it should bolster its then comparatively unknown radio attraction with the well established Andrews Sisters, Ray and Marion have been not only the regular soloists but regularly the only soloists to share in Miller's rise to fame.

Ray Eberle, who is a younger brother of Jimmy Dorsey's soloist, Bob Eberly—what's an e or a y between brothers!—is still in his teens. Blonde Marion is own sister of Betty Hutton, beauteous product of the Vincent Lopez school, who was last season's Broadway wow.

ANOTHER thing about Miller: Although he is still strictly on the swing side, his versatility makes him expert also in the so-called sweet numbers.

His Guess I'll Go Back Home is simple to the point of nostalgia. My Prayer and the already mentioned Moonlight Serenade, which were for a long time top-ranking records, are definitely sweet.

This versatility and open-mindedness are important factors in any estimate of Glenn Miller's probable future place in the unfolding story of native American music.

Catering to the continually changing tastes of the huge jazz audience is no easy business. Orchestra leaders rise swiftly to national prominence, disappear as swiftly from the national scene. Miller believes that the chief reason for his profession's high mortality rate is that men learn to do one thing superlatively well, find it profitable (for a while), learn nothing else, and pass out of the musical picture along with the fad to which they are tagged. Although not yet thirty, he has seen jazz music die a thousand deaths, only to rise again on the vogue of some new variation.

With the widening field of swing playing and dancing has come a widening field of swing competition. Leaders like Miller no longer have to depend for their inspiration on the deep South. They pick their melodies from all the world.

The French have long been devoted to the new music. The records of the Quintette du Hot Club de France are prime favorites with American cats and jitterbugs. Three years ago London contributed its cockney version of modern dance music, The Lambeth Walk. Later, from the same source came Boomps-a-Daisy. And currently Vincent Lopez is said to be introducing a little number from Alaska, which he calls The Ice-Worm Wiggle.

On the surface there would seem to be little encouragement for a serious musician like Glenn Miller in ice-worm wiggling and boomps-a-daisying, but one never knows, in music, from what source the lift may come. Intellectuals are already giving serious study even to boogie-woogie as an art form: John Henry Hammond, Jr., is promoting it via the famed Carnegie Hall route, and Elliot Paul, author of that fine book, Life and Death of a Spanish Town, has become an expert under the tutelage of its current leading exponents, "Lux" Lewis and Albert Ammons.

MOST encouraging development of all, however, is that swing music has at last acquired a literature of its own. Trained musical critics have been studying and clarifying its origin and reason for being.

First to treat the subject seriously was Hugues Panassié, whose Le Jazz Hot dignified the new form in Europe while it was still being sneered at in the land of its birth. Since Panassie's book have come valuable volumes by American authorities, notably Jazz, Hot & Hybrid, by Winthrop Sargeant, Jazzmen, by Frederic Ramsey and C. E. Smith, and American Jazz Music, by Wilder Hobson. Even so lofty an authority as Dr. John Erskine has lectured on the subject in Carnegie Hall. So there are distinct signs that interest in jazz and swing music is not only widening geographically but deepening intellectually.

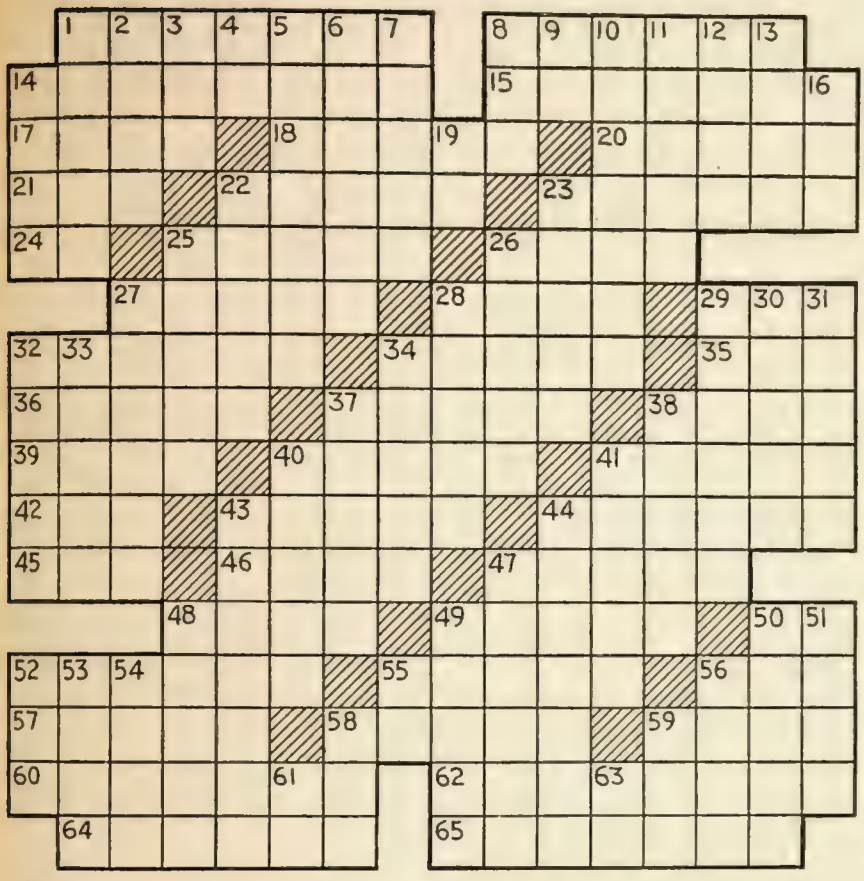
In other words, there is plenty of room for a serious artist of Glenn Miller's versatility even within his supposedly limited field. But, as a matter of fact, Glenn himself has no idea of confining his efforts indefinitely to any kind of swing, sweet or hot.

"I don't want to be king of swing or anything else," he said not long ago. "I'd rather have a reputation as one of the best all-round bands."

THE END

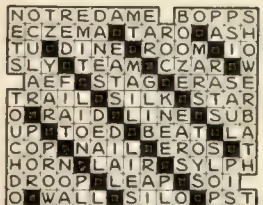
CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin



HORIZONTAL

1 A number
8 A brick laid with its end toward face of the wall
14 To preserve in oil or vinegar
15 Fixed on a stake
17 Particle
18 Pigeons
20 Kind of violin
21 Affirmative
22 Slenderer
23 Pelted with rocks
24 Like
25 Speeder
26 Son of Adam
27 Council of Bishops (pl.)
28 Lure
29 Watering place
32 Beast
34 City in Switzerland
35 Possesses
36 French statesman
37 Sinks in mud
38 French author
39 Portent
40 Fixed as regards time
41 Beckoned
42 Seine
43 Sloped in a perpendicular direction
44 Creed of the Western Church
45 Name of letter in alphabet
46 Native metal (pl.)
47 Fashion (pl.)
48 Is indebted to
49 Lessened
50 River in Italy
52 Removed



Last week's answer

55 Poison produced by action of bacteria on organic matter
56 Piece of machinery
57 Pertaining to a branch
58 Pertaining to a certain non-metallic element
59 On the sheltered side
60 Vivid description in speaking or writing
62 Detest
64 Undressed kid (pl.)
65 Recovers

VERTICAL

1 Satisfies to repletion
2 God of love
3 Vigor
4 Printer's measure
5 Fundamental
6 Makes amends for
7 Bar of metal for raising a weight
8 Pronoun
9 Prefix: in
10 Calcium phosphate-fluoride
11 Any rustic
12 Dash
13 Network, as of veins
14 Central American Indian tribe
16 Performed
19 Stammering sound
22 Deadly
23 Glides
25 Inhabitant of a city in Italy
26 Enclosed
27 Clinches
28 Revealed
29 Pushes
30 Thin metal disk
31 Apart
32 Unaccompanied
33 Reveals
34 Nips
37 Constructs
38 Fastened
40 Ventured
41 Broaden
43 Spurred
44 Perceived
47 Dance
48 Indian tribe
49 Driller
50 One strongly imaginative (pl.)
51 Molding
52 Prefix: very much
53 Smashes into
54 Hawaiian tree fern
55 Preposition
56 Mollusk
58 Goal (pl.)
59 Part of to be
61 Note of the scale
63 Chemical symbol

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

SOME SMOKERS THINK IT'S

FIERCE!

Others *know* there's no tobacco on earth that equals this truly AROMATIC pipe mixture

Some people don't like anything that's *new.*

Here's such a new, *different* smoking-experience that some men don't like it. But thousands of smokers won't touch any tobacco but Bond Street.

Bond Street's like expensive custom-blends in flavor, fragrance and bite-free coolness. Contains *rare aromatic tobacco never before used in a popular price mixture.* Even women approve its aroma.

In fairness to yourself, spend 15¢ for a tin of Bond Street today!

Today—try a tin of

BOND STREET 15¢

Pipe Tobacco

A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

Liberty's Patriotic
UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION
Quiz Contest

WITH this issue Liberty's Constitution Quiz goes into its seventh week. Is your entry up to date? Have you delayed getting under way? You still have time to enter the game with an excellent chance of capturing one of the major awards. And no one can compete without winning a new and better understanding of our nation's basic document. If you have not entered, do so now. Read the brief Rules, then supply the answers to the five questions posed in Quiz No. 7. Do not submit these answers now. Save them until the end of the contest when you will have a complete set of answers covering the entire contest series.

If you are just entering and want a special copy of the Constitution for reference use in this contest, Liberty has made reprints available. If you would like one, mail your request to the contest address in Rule 8, being sure to enclose ten cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling. Of course if you have no copy of the Constitution among the volumes on your bookshelf, you can refer to the nearest public library. However, having your personal copy will undoubtedly save you considerable time and inconvenience. Now, if you are just entering the competition and have given away or mislaid your copies of Liberty containing the first six quizzes, here is how to get them:

UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION QUIZ No. 7

1. Are senators elected by the people, or chosen by the legislatures of their respective states?

2. In a Presidential election, in the event that no candidate receives sufficient electoral ballots to elect, what body determines who the new President will be?

3. How does the Constitution provide for the making of treaties?

4. "Jeopardy of life or limb" appears where in the Constitution and in what connection?

5. To what branch of the government does the Constitution delegate establishment and maintenance of the navy?

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

Reprints of any or all of the first six Constitution Quiz coupons are available with which to bring late entries even with the field. Simply mail a request to Constitution Quiz Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and enclose ten cents in stamps to cover handling and mailing charges. Reprints will be sent you without delay.

ABOUT THOSE OFFICERS

To clear up any misunderstanding about the officers illustrated in connection with Question 1 in Quiz No. 3, September 28 issue, please assume for the purposes of this contest that the men are identified as policemen in the District of Columbia. They are federal, not state, officers.

PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$ 500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
FOURTH PRIZE	50
FIFTY PRIZES, each $10	500
220 PRIZES, each $5	1,100
TOTAL PRIZES	$2,500

THE RULES

1. Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated December 7, 1940, Liberty will publish a set of questions on the Constitution of the United States.
2. To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath. In answering, wherever possible state first the Article of the Constitution, second the Section, and finally, while you are not restricted as to the number of words you can use, for the sake of brevity use the fewest words possible, preferably words selected direct from the Constitution. When answers are found in the Amendments, substitute the word "Amendment" for "Article" when writing your answers.
3. Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when you will have a set of thirteen coupons and the requisite answers. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.
4. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
6. Entries will be judged upon the accuracy and logic of the answers given.
7. On this basis, the best entry will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded the $250 Second Prize, $100 Third Prize, and $50 Fourth Prize, in the order of their excellence. The fifty next best entries will receive $10 each, and the 220 next best entries will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
8. All entries must be submitted by First Class mail, addressed to Constitution Quiz Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
9. To be considered, all entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Wednesday, December 18, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

"See you're in trouble, dad," Junior opened up. "Thought I'd come home."

An American business man tells how he faced "something new in government"

What am I living for?

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

THE BIG STRIKE

BY AN ECONOMIC ROYALIST

AS TOLD TO GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Last week the Economic Royalist told how a collective-bargaining arrangement of their own was entirely satisfactory to his company and its employees until 1936, when he suddenly realized that the C. I. O. was on the move to force the company to sign up. Should he fight—fight this New Deal "peaceful revolution"—or give in? He decided to fight.

ONE day I was sitting in my office thinking about all the crazy things that could happen to a business, when in walked Tim Loring with a young fellow of some twenty-odd with a wisp of a mustache under his longish nose and a look about him that was alien to everything in our place.

Now, don't think that I'm one of these Ku Kluxers. I have nothing against any man because of where he was born or what is his religion. In our business we employ all kinds and we ask no questions. But when I saw this young man walk through the door, I knew that he was bad news and that he just didn't belong.

"H. D.," Loring said, "this is Mr. Selwyn Thomas of the La Follette Committee and he wants to know things."

When Tim Loring calls a man mister, he comes as close to speaking about his grandmother as he dares.

"Well, Mr. Thomas," I said, "if we have anything to show you, you can see it."

"Mr. Clarke," he started, "we should like to put two investigators in your office here to go through your files and your books, because we have definite information that you are employing a detective agency to spy on the workers, that you contribute to organizations which interfere with the civil liberties of the workers, and that you have purchased arms, munitions, and gas to subdue the workers in the event that they engaged in their legal right to strike."

"I told him that he's crazy!" Tim shouted.

"Now, Mr. Thomas," I said quiet like, because I was already hot under the collar, "if you already have all that information, why bother to go through our files and books? Besides, if we have committed any crime under the laws of the United States or the laws of the state of Ohio or Connecticut, where we have

plants, why are we not indicted, brought to trial before a jury, so we may be confronted by the witnesses and the evidence against us?"

I thought I would try some of his own long-speech medicine.

"Mr. Clarke," he answered as politely as a snake, "we are familiar with that argument and disregard it. If you won't co-operate with us, we shall be forced to subpoena your books and files. You will have to bring them down to Washington. I am only trying to save you expense and inconvenience."

"Thanks for the hint," Tim snarled.

"Young man," I said with coldness in my blood, "I am much obliged to you for the suggestion. But I don't think I want to be saved the expense and inconvenience."

"That is up to you," he said.

"Let me tell you a thing or two, young fellow," I said, my voice rising. "My ancestors came to this country when there was nothing here but a wilderness. They had nothing but the strength in their bodies and the courage in their hearts. They had faith in God and in human liberty. And I'm like them. You can take my money, my time, and my convenience, but I'll be damned if you're going to walk into this place and take my business."

"There's no use being excited, Mr. Clarke," said he. "I'm simply following instructions. When you talk to me, you're talking to the government of the United States."

Well, you could have tarred and feathered Tim Loring, he was that taken by surprise. But I was studying that young man. He believed every word he said. He was an official—that's what he was. The same kind of official you see everywhere in Europe. He actually believed that because he had got himself a job with the government in Washington, he had taken over the government.

AND I made up my mind that he was nothing I knew how to deal with. Mind you, I had spent twenty years dealing with government officials, Presidents, Cabinet members, senators, judges, governors—everything up and down the ladder. But this was something new and different. The others were just folks who happened to land big jobs and who most of the time were just plain Americans. But this young fellow was nothing like them. He had never seen me before, but he hated me. It was in his eye. I was convinced that he hated me because of the way I earned my living.

"Well," I said, "Mr. Thomas, I'll tell you what we'll do. I'm not going to fight the government of the United States. And I have nothing to hide. You draw up a list of questions and hand them to Loring. He'll see our lawyers and if you have a legal right to the information, it will be given you in the original."

"I'll have to refer that back to my committee," he answered. "But meanwhile I'll leave this subpoena with you, which you understand forbids you to destroy any documents now in your possession."

"But look here," I replied, "this subpoena requires me and all the files—which take about an acre of floor space—to appear before your committee within a month's time."

"Oh, the date is a formality. We can't tell you now when we'll want you. We'll issue a new subpoena when this one runs out," he replied, rising to go.

"Suppose I need to go away somewhere?" I asked.

"I wouldn't do that," he replied.

So I was a prisoner in my own house, it seemed. So that's the way things were being done in the U. S. A. Well, we'd see. I telephoned to other manufacturers all over the country and discovered that a whale of a lot of them had subpoenas. Some had had visits, too. Some took it quite seriously and had hired expensive lawyers. Some laughed at it. I didn't know what to do exactly. I would think it over.

WELL, next day Loring walked in with another young man. This time Loring seemed to be more friendly. He apparently knew the gentleman, whose smile was cheerful, although there was a look in his eyes which left no uncertainty.

"H. D.," Loring announced, "this is Madison Silver, the regional organizer for the C. I. O. He wants to talk with you."

"I'll talk to anybody," I answered.

"I suppose that's for the record," Silver replied laughingly.

"Have it your way," I replied.

"Mr. Clarke, we might just as well put all our cards on the table. You haven't a chance. We can call a strike in your plant tomorrow at nine o'clock and there won't be a man at work. Not even a stooge."

"Well, why not try it that way?" I asked truculently.

"We don't like strikes, Mr. Clarke. We like contracts," Silver replied, cold as ice. "Strikes are bad for everybody. But if we have to call a strike, we'll do it and we'll win. Now let me show you how we'll win. We got the government with us from the President down. We got the Department of Labor with us. We got the Labor Board with us. Most reporters are with us. The clergymen are with us. You haven't a chance."

Loring broke in at this point: "I've made a survey here and I find that men in our plants hold cards in nineteen A. F. of L. unions. Suppose we do sign up with the C. I. O., what will those men do? Do they strike against the C. I. O. contract?"

"We'll take care of that—"

"I don't want to commit myself at this first meeting one way or the other. But I'd like to have a look at such a contract. I'd like to study one," I suggested. This was curiosity—sheer curiosity, but it afterward got me into awful hot water, because it became the basis for a charge that I had refused to continue collective bargaining.

Naturally, I didn't consider this Madison Silver as representing any workers for the Clarke Machine Tool Company. He was an outsider who walked in from the street without warning and made certain statements and promises. Maybe he could or could not perform.

Well, he pulled out a contract all made out between a union and our company, with all terms and provisions fixed. I handed it to Loring, whose business it was to look such things over. He read carefully while I raised this question:

MR. SILVER," I asked, "how do you know the men who have been working here from ten to forty years want to join your union? I'm not talking about the young fellows. I don't know them so well. But the men I've grown up with, why should they join your union and pay you dues for the right to work?"

"Mr. Clarke," Silver replied, "you don't seem to understand that we are living in a new era. The complexities of modern industry require that the workers should be represented for purposes of collective bargaining by the representatives of labor unions who are not dependent upon the employers in any way. Of course there will be men in your company who don't like the union and who won't want to pay dues. Maybe there will be lots of them. But they, too, will learn. We are organized to obey the National Labor Relations Act and to see to it that it is obeyed by the employer and the worker alike."

"You are taking over the police power of government then," I could not help answering.

"Oh, no!" Silver replied. "The police power is the National Labor Relations Board."

I saw that Loring had become all excited. "Look here, H. D.!" he shouted. "This contract calls for a lower minimum rate per hour than our men get and the general working conditions are not as good. Our men would lose by this contract."

"Mr. Clarke," Silver said in his quiet voice, "we arrange terms industry-wise. We'll admit that you pay a cent or two better than your competitors and that your paternalistic services to the workers amount to a bit more. But we have to have average wages and conditions so everybody in the industry can sign."

"Isn't this really an inducement for me to sign?" I asked.

"Maybe," Silver replied, rising. "Think it over. It'll save you money and trouble to sign. The big boys of the steel, electrical equipment, and automobile industries have done so. They know how to play safe."

"Did Henry Ford sign?" I asked.

"He will. They all will," Silver replied. "You can't buck Uncle Sam."

He departed. Loring took the contract to our lawyers. I could not work that day. I wondered about not "bucking Uncle Sam." Who is

Uncle Sam anyhow? I asked myself. Aren't we all part of Uncle Sam? Twice in two successive days I've heard that remark in one form or another. I could not help thinking about it.

At dinner I talked it over with Helen. She apparently knew all about this new era. "You are undoubtedly a good employer," she told me, I felt with a little condescension. "But most workers are exploited by great corporations which are remotely controlled by the big bankers in New York. The President feels that these workers should be protected by the government through their unions."

"Where did you ever get that idea about exploitation?" I asked in surprise.

"Why, H. D.," she answered, "it's just that you don't read. All the newspapers and magazines have articles about it. Even the Federal Council of the Churches has taken a stand on it. You're so busy attending to your own business that you don't know what's going on."

Well, I've only been in business since I was born almost. And I belong to all kinds of trade associations and the National Association of Manufacturers. I suppose at committee meetings and conventions I've met about every important manufacturer in America. But I don't know one single exploiter. I only know a lot of hard-working, nowadays tired and worried men who wonder what the hell it's all about.

During the next two days we did nothing but hold meetings at the plant. It interested me to see the divided attitudes of our executives. Loring was for the strike. It looked to me as if he didn't care a rap about me or the Clarke Machine Tool Company; he was only worrying about the men and women who worked for us. Ted White, our operating vice-president, was not too strong for striking; he felt that there ought to be a way to compromise. Joe Baker, our sales vice-president, went haywire; he would agree to anything to keep sales up. My sister married a lawyer, Hastings Warren, who had quite a practice in Cleveland and who had gone social. He was not only our lawyer but his wife, my sister, had inherited a third of the business from my father. He was all for making a deal with the C. I. O. because that's what was done by the Big Steel people. He did not know that I had already taken on a darn smart fellow as a lawyer, and for family reasons I called him assistant to the president. His name is Phillip Snyder. You'll hear about him.

There is a young fellow in our business we call a public relations counsel. His name is Bill Lewis. We picked him off one of the local newspapers, and took him on to look after our publicity and advertising. I think his father was the local rabbi or something like that. Some of my associates kicked like steers when I took him on, because he is a Jew, and they said that all Jews are Reds. But I can tell you this: in the great troubles that I was now having, next to Tim Loring, Bill Lewis was the most valuable aid. He knew exactly what to say. He knew everybody's name and what he stood for. He always told the exact truth, and if at times the truth sounded sassy, I could put up with it because I knew that it got me places.

Well, more or less, this was the setup and we got ready to meet all comers. For about a week everything was quiet. Then Tim Loring said that Silver had telephoned for an answer. I told him to say I wasn't ready. The next day a young lawyer around town, Nathan Schwartz, walked in and announced that he represented some organization or other. He said that we had refused to hire Tom Manning and that it was discrimination for union activities. Loring made the point that, under the law, we could not discriminate against a man who had never worked for us. But Schwartz contended that the very day we refused to take on Manning we had hired four other men, not members of the union.

"Tired Pop" is a swell sport now!

1. What a fade-out Pop used to be when he'd come home from work! Mom couldn't drag him even to the movies. When folks came in, he'd sit and doze. As for getting out, and playing golf or dancing, he said his legs just couldn't take it any more. But now, see what happened to him!

2. *Mom heard Mrs. Smith* at the bridge club talking about a new way to reduce tiredness which her husband was keen on. It was *drinking* Knox Gelatine, the same gelatine she used for salads and desserts. 23 different occupational groups of men and women drank Knox in a test for 28 days.* 2 out of 3 who *started*, and 9 out of 10 who *completed* the test, reported being definitely less tired after drinking Knox!

*Groups included physicians, housewives, business men, models, and heavy workers like truck drivers and engineers.

3. Pop, like many, may have been tired because his meals didn't include enough proteins. Knox is all protein.

Drink 4 envelopes a day for the first 2 weeks, then 2 envelopes a day for following 2 weeks. Thereafter, take as needed. Stir contents of envelope into ¾ glass of water or fruit juice. Drink immediately. (Directions in every package.) Knox is tasteless. For details on the Knox Build-Up Plan, write for free Knox Bulletin, Knox Gelatine Co., Dept. 74, Johnstown, N. Y.

Buy Knox Gelatine... the only gelatine used to fight fatigue in these hundreds of tests. Buy the familiar 4-envelope kitchen package or the money-saving 32-envelope package.

Knox Gelatine

A FOOD THAT FIGHTS FATIGUE

Loring admitted that fact, but said that we were short of certain types of skilled workers but did not need any other kind of help.

Well, to make a long story short, Schwartz announced that a complaint was being filed with the Labor Relations Board. In the conference which followed, Snyder, the lawyer, was sure that we were on safe ground, but Bill Lewis made the point that this was pressure. Snyder said that the courts would never recognize such a flimsy complaint; but Lewis countered that this was only a way to get us in bad with the public and to start trouble. He beat them to it by spilling the story to the local newspapers as a grand laugh. Meanwhile George the Greek, the president of our Employee Representation Board, said the men were getting excited. He showed us circulars that had been given to the wives of our workers, scaring the hell out of them.

Snyder dropped in to see the local chief of police, and all he discovered was that the town was short of police because of the depression, and besides, he could not interfere with a picket line. Snyder asked what the police would do if we had a sit-down. Well, he came away with nothing.

Then a funny thing happened. We have done a lot of business with a New York bank since the Great War. The president of this bank for years tried to get us to amalgamate with other companies, and he even promised to make me chairman of the board of one of these far-flung fancy companies that have quotations on the big board of the Stock Exchange. Well, I kept my own business and kept him out of it.

Well, this banker called me on the telephone and asked how things were. So I told him. Then he said that it might be prudent to sign up with the C. I. O. So I asked him why, and he said that the country was on the verge of a revolution and that the only way it could be saved was like Mussolini did it in Italy—all the workers belonged to one union and all the employers to an association and the government controlled them both. That's just like the NRA, I said. Well, no, not exactly, he said.

There's no use giving you the half-hour telephone argument, but I saw that this John Lewis could reach around all over the place.

A FUNNY thing happened to me then. I don't know if you've ever had that kind of experience. But the whole business stood out like a painting. There was Helen, my wife, and Margaret, my daughter, and Uncle Sam and President Roosevelt and Madam Fanny Perkins and all these men about whom I'm writing. And there was just me. Plain Mister Me. And all these people were milling around me, so I couldn't move. And I had a feeling all the time this gang was saying, "What now, little man?"

Well, I came out of that trance feeling like Ethan Allen or somebody up there in Vermont. They can burn the place down. They can tear it down. They can kill me and mine. But I won't be hijacked into any such proposition as was being made to me. We built this business and we would run it according to our conscience. But we would not let some outsider, somebody sitting in Washington, tell us, by remote control, whom we could hire and fire, what we should make and how.

I called in the boys and told them we would not sign. We would meet with any representatives of any of our employees. We would discuss with them any appropriate matters.

That was on Friday. On Sunday, Tim Loring and Bill Lewis came to my house and said they were going to sleep in their offices. They said they expected trouble any moment. I laughed. Suppose they don't let me in the plant? Suppose they seize my property? I could not help thinking that whoever the "they" is, they've got my daughter; they're getting my wife; I don't know what they've done to Junior, who's still at college.

WELL, that night a thing happened that changed my whole outlook on life. I haven't said much about my son in these accounts of my woes. Frankly, I haven't known much about him. Margaret, my daughter, was my favorite, and now that she's turned Red, I'm pretty lonely. My boy, at the time of the great strike in 1937, was still at college preparing to be an engineer or something. He seemed to be a gay lad, pretty good at his work, but nothing of a genius. I assumed that in time he'd go into the business, but I never expected him to take my place. In fact, that worried me a lot, because unless he could hold his own the bankers would get the Clarke Machine Tool Company and it would be drowned in an amalgamation. I thought I'd take it up with him at the proper time and see if he'd show an interest.

Well, along about midnight on this Sunday, there was the usual noise of Junior's car. The thought immediately came to me that he was in trouble, and it must have come to his mother, too, because she came down in her dressing gown not a little agitated. We got together in my study where I had been working.

"See you're in trouble, dad," Junior opened up after the preliminaries.

"And how!" I responded.

"I've been reading the papers. I thought maybe I'd come home."

"You should have telephoned," his mother said. "Won't it hurt your standing to be away from classes?"

"I'm not going back, ma'am," Junior announced.

"In trouble?" I asked.

"No, dad. Things are pretty good," Junior said.

"Well, what did you quit for?" I asked angrily.

"It's hard to say, dad," Junior replied. "I'm not one for talking much. But when this story started to break in the newspapers, I got thinking things over. We haven't been close, dad. I suppose that's my fault as much as anybody's. But it's a fact, and I'll admit that I don't know much about the business or about you as a business man. But I'm willing to line up with you if you'll have me. I want to go to work for the Clarke Machine Tool Company at 9 A. M. tomorrow."

YOU could have knocked me down with a blueprint. Junior, whom I had regarded as soft! Now there was some sense in keeping the Clarke Company going. Yes, sir, we'll keep her going. We sat up half the night talking. Helen at first objected, but then she, too, saw the light. She saw that this was character. This was the kind of stuff that no school or college could give a man. I explained the business from A to Izzard. He was inexperienced but smart. He had a sense of justice and decency. All right! I said to myself, I'll save that business for him and his kids, the way my father saved it for me.

The next day we had our first sit-down strike. Nobody worked. Even George the Greek didn't work. We all sat down, too. We went about our business as though nothing was happening. That night a picket line formed around the place—a picket line consisting of men and women who had never worked for our company. Well, we stayed in the plant along with the men. No one left. No one did anything. No one talked about terms or conditions. This went on for three days. Everybody seemed to have enough food out of the company cafeteria—which worked. But we weren't getting our mail. It was only later that we discovered that the picket line kept it out. Only a few telephones worked—the operator was sitting down, too.

Along about the end of the third day, Tim Loring, Phillip Snyder, and Bill Lewis came into my room. They wanted to know if I'd talk to Madison Silver. Sure! I'd talk to any one.

"You're wasting your time, Mr. Clarke," he said to me. "This is a pushover. Your employee representation plan has no guts. We've got men at every bottleneck, and even if your stooges wanted to work, they couldn't. Why not be sensible?"

Well, this kind of being sensible didn't appeal to me. He had come into my place, seized my business, stopped our work, and for what? Just so his union would get dues.

"I'll tell you what, Silver," I said. "You call this thing off and we'll hold an election. We'll do it the American way and see who wins."

"You haven't a chance," Silver repeated. "You're wasting time and money. I'll go along on a Labor Board election—but you haven't one chance in a million."

Well, we went back to work. But it wasn't long before I saw I had let myself in for a first-class headache.

[More revelations by this Economic Royalist will appear in Liberty next week.]

He saw the water fall back from a gray submarine conning tower.
Lightning in the night
America fights back! A stirring interlude of flaming adventure in an amazing novel

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BY FRED ALLHOFF

with the advice and counsel of Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard, Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, George E. Sokolsky, and many others

A STORY OF THE INVASION OF AMERICA

In August, 1945, the United States was invaded by the combined forces of Germany, Russia, and Japan. Seattle and other Northwestern cities fell, New York and New Jersey were ruthlessly bombed, and Hitler, in a surprise move, took Baltimore.

Lieutenant Doug Norton and his cameraman, Rodgers, ordered by Rear Admiral O'Shane to observe the war in the East, saw, at the Navy Building in Washington, pictures of Baltimore's evacuation. In one of them Norton spied Peggy O'Liam, his sweetheart, who had gone to Baltimore to search for Baron von Holtz, German spy and saboteur whom she had known in Hawaii. Near her was von Holtz, disguised as a priest!

The Germans took Washington, which had been evacuated to save it from bombardment. The government moved to Springfield, Illinois, and there Norton went to find out from O'Shane what had happened to Peggy. O'Shane told him she was being held by the Nazis and would undoubtedly be condemned to death.

PART NINE—A HAZARDOUS ENTERPRISE

DEATH! The grim finality of the word left Norton numb with despair. And yet he realized with horrible certainty that O'Shane was not painting a distorted picture.

From the sentence of a Nazi "People's Court" there was no appeal—except to Hitler himself.

These secret tribunals, presided over by five judges (three of whom would be military men), rewarded treason promptly with death. And the charge of "treason" had many definitions, espionage being one of the most common.

True, Peggy O'Liam, if she were able, would be permitted to plead her own case at her secret trial. She would even be permitted counsel—a Nazi lawyer who, though he took no part in the proceedings, would make a short speech in her behalf. But even the lawyer assigned her would be hand-picked by the court itself. And the court would be not in the least concerned with

any mitigating circumstances. It would seek to establish one thing, and one thing only.

That Peggy O'Liam was, or had been, dangerous to the Nazi cause—to a state whose goal was world conquest.

Once that broad line of reasoning had been established, the girl was doomed. The death sentence would be coldly inflicted. And then — within twenty-four hours — she would be shot!

The cold fingers of nausea gripped him and he knew that if he tried to speak to O'Shane his voice could not be trusted. And there was nothing left to be said. He was scarcely conscious of the fact that O'Shane was speaking.

THE older man had turned from the window. His face was grave, his habitual bluster gone.

"I feel a personal sense of responsibility for what has happened," Admiral O'Shane said wearily. "If that girl were a member of Naval Intelligence, trained for dangerous work, she would know—and understand—that, having been caught, she must face whatever lies in store for her. But she's just a youngster, a civilian. She's done her best for her country—at my request. If she dies, then I sent her to her death."

That, Lieutenant Norton realized, was true. Yet, strangely, he felt no bitterness toward the other man. Rather—deeply as he loved the girl—he cursed the circumstances that had swung her life into the orbit of his own. Now, when the surging memory of her youth, her loveliness, her eager zest for life rose up before him, he felt a fear for her that left him weak, wretched.

Admiral O'Shane repeated:

"At the hands of the German People's Court she can expect no mercy, no possible chance. I do not know whether the plan I have will offer much more."

Lieutenant Norton shoved up out of the chair. Hope blazed high in his eyes.

"Plan, sir!"

"Sit down, please," Admiral O'Shane said. "I do not wish to raise your hopes. I particularly do not wish to do that. Chances for success are infinitesimal. You may well fail. If you do, your own life will be lost. And there can be no further attempt to help."

Norton wanted to shout that a single chance, however small, would be enough; that he cared nothing about his own life. With difficulty he remained silent.

O'Shane pushed a button on his desk. An aide entered the room.

"Send in Mister Wiegand," he directed.

A blond young man in the uniform of a naval lieutenant entered the room. His round rosy-cheeked face, blond hair, and blue eyes made him seem unbelievably young for his rank. He was commander of the United States submarine X36. When Norton had shaken hands with Wiegand, O'Shane said:

"Wiegand sails secretly, tonight, on a very dangerous mission. Confidentially, his goal will be the region of Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, now occupied by strong units of the German navy. His mission will be to harass and inflict as much damage on the enemy's ships as possible.

"Thank God, the capture of the Canal found most of our submarines in the Atlantic. We can't, without the navy, hope to cut the enemy's line of communications across the Atlantic Ocean. We can only try.

"The point of this, as it affects you, Norton, is that Mister Wiegand's mission will bring him, in the natural course of duty, into the Atlantic off Assateague Island, where the enemy has a concentration camp. That camp consists of a number of tents just now. Barracks are under construction by American prisoners sentenced to hard labor. They are not ready yet. At the southern tip of the tent camp are two tents set somewhat apart from the others. They house prisoners condemned to die.

"On Wednesday night Captain Martin Fleming of Naval Intelligence will be an occupant of one of those tents. Miss O'Liam will be in the other. Your specific assignment, Norton, will be to effect, if possible, the rescue of Captain Fleming by escape. He possesses information which is badly needed by the Department. I need not point out to you that if, without endangering your mission, you can also effect the rescue of any other Americans who may be in the 'condemned' tents, the government will be pleased. Is that clear?"

"It is—and thank you, sir!"

I'M not sure that you should thank me," O'Shane said seriously. "It's a nasty job. The entire concentration camp is enclosed by a barbed-wire fence which, we believe, is electrically charged. You will be shot, most certainly, if the sentries discover you. Nor can we at this time risk the loss of one of our submarines, should things go badly. Wiegand's orders are to leave the scene immediately should there be a slip-up. It will be his duty, if necessary, to shove off without you—all of you. I want you to understand that."

"I quite understand, sir."

"Further," continued O'Shane, "you will be far from safe even if you succeed in returning to the submarine. Wiegand's mission borders on suicide—and you'll necessarily remain with him until he gets back in port. Good luck to both of you!"

Norton and the blond submarine commander had lunch with Jock Rodgers while awaiting the plane that was to fly them to the Atlantic coast. Young Rodgers, who had grown sincerely attached to Norton, said:

"I'll be missing you, fellow. They're sending me up to the Pennsylvania front. They expect a second battle of Gettysburg up there in a few days. The Germans are trying to push our forces back across the Alleghenies. They've got forty divisions on our soil now and they've taken a bite of our coast line from as far north as Chester, Pennsylvania, on the Delaware River, to Virginia Beach, below Norfolk. They're as far inland as Frederick.

"That's a pretty good bite. But it doesn't chew as easily as they expected. They're having one hell of a time consolidating their positions, despite their break-throughs. Apparently we Americans aren't quite as soft as they had us figured. They admit in their own communiqués that they are meeting stubborn resistance. Hell, we're just fumbling now. Wait until we get mad.

"The army's civilian 'spotter' system is paying big dividends. Some farmer kid spots one of their tank divisions bivouacked for the night, and sneaks through their lines to the nearest telephone. Our air headquarters relays the word on to G. H. Q., and we slip around them with armored scout cars and cut them off. Pocketed half a division and more than a hundred tanks near Unionville, Maryland, last night.

OUR separate air wing is beginning to work, too. Instead of parceling out our squadrons all over the country when some politician lets out a yell, we're bunching them for defense where they are needed, and consolidating them with ground forces where the big pushes take place.

"They've been hammering away with their bombers at our industrial centers: Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Bridgeport, Springfield, Massachusetts—even as far inland as Erie, Buffalo, and Detroit. What we lack in planes we've more than made up for in antiaircraft defenses at those spots. Not a one of them has been successfully raided yet, though they did set a hell of a fire at Scranton with incendiary bombs.

"If our inland factories can turn out planes faster than they can bring theirs over and we can stalemate them for a while, we're all right. I'd feel better, though, if we had our navy around the Horn and the Japs and Russians out of our hair."

"What's happening in the Northwest?" Lieutenant Norton asked.

"They're pushing down the coast, east of the coast ranges. Our line is at Eugene, Oregon, now. The Japs and Russians have taken Portland and Salem, but their line of supply has been nearly severed half a dozen times. It seems that every farmer that can throw a stone is sneaking down out of the mountains and letting fly.

"They're superior in concentration of equipment and in man power, but they're getting the same kind of headaches from our people that they got in Finland. Funny thing, one of their chief reasons for holding us Americans in contempt has been that we're such a mixture of races. The Russians aren't finding that so funny

at the moment. Up in the State of Washington there's a settlement of farmers who came to this country from Finland years ago. They've been aching for a shot at Mr. Stalin's boys anyway, and they know—from letters they got from their relatives in Finland during the Russo-Finnish War—just how to go about it. They've been making 'Molotov cocktails.' And you know as well as I do what they do to a tank!

"The Reds have tried chasing farmers into the woods, and have found it suicide. Every tree begins shooting bullets at them. They're going to have to learn Indian fighting if they expect to push across the Cascade Mountains up there."

On the plane bearing him and Lieutenant Wiegand to the coast that afternoon, Norton read an afternoon paper. Its news stories made no effort to minimize the seriousness of America's position. Its air force riddled, its bases gone, its navy somewhere in the South Pacific and its armies locked in battle both on the east and west coasts and along the troublesome Rio Grande, America was fighting a finish struggle for her very existence.

But the morale of the country had never been better. In 1940 the American people had talked somewhat vaguely of national defense. That phrase had covered a multitude of sins. National defense had been a political football, a matter of appropriating money—and more money. And it had not been enough.

Now the American people talked of "our emergency." An emergency called not merely for appropriations but for hard work and the laying aside of all thoughts of partisanship in the common good. For sacrifice. By *all*, impartially.

There was a great and heartening difference. The political leaders of the country worked in smooth harmony. The workers offered "for the duration" their services, not on the basis of a forty-hour week but on the basis of their physical abilities to meet longer and longer hours. Industrialists, many of whom had risen from a factory lathe to mighty executive berths, returned to their plants to man a lathe.

America did not follow the disastrous course of quarrelsome, indifferent France. Before actual invasion the country had awakened to the hard but truthful fact that only utmost sacrifice by all would save it. It became a point of individual *pride*, not duty, to make those sacrifices.

A great country built by sweat and hardship and sacrifice was returning to the precepts of its pioneers, was abandoning the good things of the present for the better things of the future—and being proud of the right, jealously guarded for centuries, to make its sacrifices voluntarily!

With a newfound faith both in itself and its newfound leaders, America promised to be invincible. That there were dark days ahead was calmly accepted. A common danger had bludgeoned panic, defeatism, and differences of all kinds out of a united people.

The plane bearing Lieutenants Norton and Wiegand landed, after dusk, at Manteo Municipal Airport in North Carolina. The woods to the west of the airport had been cleared and the field's runway strips extended.

The coastal airport lay at the junction of Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, on Roanoke Island, north of stormy Cape Hatteras and not far south of Kitty Hawk, where years earlier the Wright brothers had demonstrated that man could fly—had thereby added another dimension to war.

A motor launch took them out into the winding channel to where the X36, her superstructure and barrel-shaped conning tower painted gray, rode at anchor, scarcely visible in the early darkness. As they boarded her, Norton was puzzled. Every American submarine he had ever seen had been painted black.

And the X36 bore no identification number.

He preceded Lieutenant Wiegand down the iron ladder from the conning tower to the control room. Five minutes later, traveling on the surface, they stood out to sea.

If Norton was puzzled by the sub-

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marine, he was no less puzzled by the boat's youthful commander. Lieutenant Wiegand, quiet almost to the point of shyness, spoke little. His name, combined with his blond features, fairly shrieked his German ancestry.

Yet he was in charge of an American submarine.

He was, in addition, an extraordinarily capable commander. He issued his orders quietly, succinctly. And a crew that obviously adored him obeyed with well trained swiftness. Morale and efficiency in the close quarters and bad air of a submarine could not always be held at a high level. They were surprisingly high aboard the X36.

When, with quiet politeness, Lieutenant Wiegand invited Norton to share his cramped cabin with him, Norton quickly accepted. He was eager to learn more of his host.

IN a room crowded with gadgets, gauges, pipes, and valves they ate good food at a well set table, and Joachim Wiegand, warming gradually to a sense of trust in his guest, talked.

He was American-born, of German parents who had brought him, as a baby, to Milwaukee.

"My uncle," he said, "was in the German navy during the first World War. He was one of the surviving members of the crew of the German submarine U-156 that raided American waters during that war. It was the U-156 that planted the mine which blew up and sank America's armored cruiser San Diego off Fire Island.

"Now," said Lieutenant Wiegand, with a faint smile, "the tables are reversed. It is American submarines that will raid the shipping of the Germans."

Deftly Lieutenant Wiegand probed Norton's unspoken thoughts.

"You are surprised, perhaps, that I—the son of German parents—should command an American submarine."

"Frankly, yes."

"If this war," said Wiegand softly, "does nothing more than banish the troublemaking, overworked words 'tolerance' and 'intolerance' from our language, then it shall be worth all the suffering that is ahead of us. We're just learning now that tolerance, if it is to exist at all, is something that must be taken casually, for granted, not something to make a speech about."

Wiegand grinned.

"So I'll make a speech about it. Let me tell you a story: During the first World War I was a boy of seven in Milwaukee. My German name did not help me. A name such as mine was 'pro-German.' My schoolmates one day beat me up and tore my clothes and threw mud on me. An older boy drove them off. He picked me up. I was crying.

"'What are you sniveling about?' he asked.

"'They beat me up.'

"'I know that. Why did they do it?'

"'Because I am a German.'

"'Damn it, you talk like some of my people. I'm a Jew. Now, you listen to me. Have you done anything to make them beat you up? Have you cheated them or hurt them or done anything to them you would not want them to do to you?'

"'No. They beat me up because I am a German.'

"'Shut up. That's no reason. You want to know why they beat you up? I'll tell you. Because they are a bunch of stupid, excitable fools. Germans, Jews, Swedes, Italians. What the hell's the difference? We're human beings — and Americans — in this country. They know that. They know it deep down inside. But you've got to remind them. You've got to treat them decent and forget they treated you rotten. And they'll be ashamed. It's up to you, not them. Do you understand?'"

Lieutenant Wiegand smiled.

"That's how I met Jake Goldstein. We've been together ever since. He's my chief gunner—and one of the best marksmen in the navy. He'd lay down his life for me. And I'd cheerfully cut your throat if you put a hand on Jake. You are surprised that, with my name, I should command this submarine. My name is no more of a handicap to me than Jake Goldstein's has been to him. We both play the game squarely and have no complaints.

"When war first broke out in Europe, a Gestapo agent came to me. He told me that my uncle in Germany was in a concentration camp and that if I expected him to get out I would become a 'must' Nazi and give him information about our navy. It was not pleasant to juggle the life of my mother's brother in my hands. I went to my superior officers and told them. They asked me to take a month's leave while they investigated. I did. They arrested the Gestapo agent. My uncle died in the concentration camp.

"I was raised in rank and given command of this submarine. I am proud that my government should have as much confidence in me as I have in my government. And I will take a special pleasure in helping you cheat the Assateague concentration camp of two of its victims."

WITHIN the next few weeks the team of Wiegand and Goldstein was to write American naval history. At dawn of the next day Lieutenant Norton went into the control room just as Lieutenant Wiegand sighted a large steamship through the periscope. Lieutenant Wiegand ordered the X36 to battle surface, said quietly to Norton:

"Come along. Watch Jake box her in."

On the submarine's decks, Jake Goldstein's gun crew went to work. Their first shot slashed across the ship's bow. As she changed course to make a run for it, they dropped a second shell neatly across her stern. Still she sought to elude the American submarine. As a third shell ripped a hole in her side six feet above water line, she hove to. Her crew took to the lifeboats while her captain rowed alongside the X36, bringing her papers.

She was the 15,286-ton Berlin of the German merchant fleet. She carried aboard her tanks, field guns, a store of aviation gasoline, and some troops.

SO confident was Germany of her mastery of the Atlantic she was bringing men and weapons across without convoy. Lieutenant Wiegand was to shake that easy confidence.

He sent a crew of his men to board the Berlin and examine her cargo. They hung time bombs on her and, as they returned to the X36, she exploded with a mighty roar, heeled over on her side, and went down ten minutes later.

In that first day of sea raiding Wiegand and his men sank six Nazi ships, among them the speedy 1,811-ton armored destroyer Karl Galster, which was sent out late in the afternoon in an attempt to hunt down and destroy the X36.

Recklessly Wiegand braved almost certain destruction to bring his submarine within fatal range of the Galster's five 5-inch guns, to blast a gaping hole in her with a torpedo that gutted her engine room.

On the second day Wiegand further slashed at the Nazi sea communications by sinking five more ships, among them the Neue Deutschland, formerly the 26,943-ton Britannic of the British merchant marine.

That night, lying out in the Atlantic, they listened to radio news broadcasts from Chicago. A furious German Admiralty characterized the attacks upon German ships bringing reserve equipment and troops to the United States as "piratical barbarism" and "flagrant and inhuman violation of the rules of international warfare."

The Admiralty promised that a continuance of "such tactics" would bring "annihilating retaliation."

Jake Goldstein, smoking a cigarette in the conning tower with Lieutenants Wiegand and Norton, grinned. "Cripes!" he said. "They can dish it out, but they can't take it."

Indignant because the lone American raider was painted the color of German submarines and wore no identifying number, the German Admiralty had placed a price on the head of its crew members. Five thousand dollars per man was offered for information which would result in the capture of the unidentified submarine; twenty-five thousand dollars was offered, to be split among the crew members of any German vessel able to establish that they had sunk her.

Goldstein said:

"Hell, I ought to turn myself in.

I've never been worth that kind of folding money before."

Norton said, "Wait!"

The 11 P. M. news announcer said: "The official German radio at Salisbury, Maryland, tonight announced that fifty American prisoners were convicted in the People's Court there today of crimes against the Greater United German Reich. Most of the offenders were farmers within the German-occupied territory who had been charged with destroying their crops or refusing to obey orders issued by German officers. Most have been sentenced to ten years at hard labor.

"The United States State Department has been unable, however, to obtain information concerning the sentences inflicted upon two American citizens found guilty this afternoon by the People's Court of what the German radio characterized as 'rank treason.' The penalty for treason is death.

"The two convicted persons were Miss Margaret O'Liam of Clinton, Illinois, and Captain Martin Fleming, a member of Naval Intelligence. Despite pleas for . . ."

Lieutenant Wiegand rose to switch off the radio.

"So they advanced their trials one day," he said softly. He sent a glance filled with sympathy at Lieutenant Norton. "Cheer up, my friend. It merely means that we shall have to get there tonight."

"But can we make it?"

"I think so. With luck—and we'll need luck, running on the surface without lights—we should be there by three in the morning."

Goldstein, no longer a friend but a navy bluejacket, said to Lieutenant Wiegand:

"If the captain please, sir, I'd like to go ashore with Mister Norton when we reach Assateague. He'll need help, sir, and . . ."

"And you'd like to get ashore and stretch your legs," said Wiegand.

"Yes, sir."

"We'll see."

THEY were off the sandy strip that was Assateague Island at two forty-five that morning. Only once had they been in danger during their run.

That had been when the sharp prow of a Nazi battleship had knifed out of the darkness ahead of them and almost rammed their craft. Traveling under blue battle lights, the warship had not seen them as it plowed past so close that they could distinguish her lines. It was the new 15,000-ton pocket battleship Admiral Raeder.

"We'll meet her again," Wiegand predicted.

In the distance, through night glasses, they could pick out the outline of the tents of Assateague concentration camp.

On the deck of the submarine Jake laid out the equipment he had assembled for their visit to the island. Bolt and wire cutters, with insulated handles; a hatchet, a blue-lensed flashlight, revolvers, hunting knives, four black oilskins, a coil of rope, two trench shovels.

He inflated a gas-filled rubber life raft. They got aboard. Lieutenant Wiegand stooped down to shake hands with them.

"Good luck," he said. His face was grave. "You understand that should you be captured, or should I be forced to leave here, the enemy is not to know how you got on this island."

Jake, dressed in civilian clothes, nodded.

"This won't take long," he promised.

They rowed quietly to shore. They pulled the rubber raft up onto the shore and partially covered it, against possible detection by some wandering sentry, with a camouflage of sand.

Lieutenant Norton, his eyes straining through the gloom of a moonless night, could see the wire fence a hundred yards ahead of them and, beyond, the tents. There was a row of many tents huddled together, and then two tents at one end by themselves. Norton blessed the methodical Teutonic nature that carefully placed condemned prisoners in their own separate locations.

AS they crept forward, Jake's finger suddenly squeezed his arm. Instinctively Norton dropped flat on his belly behind a clump of beach grass.

About a hundred feet to his left, some distance beyond the wire fence, silently strode a German sentry, a rifle across his shoulder. They huddled together, holding their breath. The sentry moved on—and down the line of tents. They crept forward to the fence. Jake studied it carefully.

"Probably charged," he said, and reached for the wire cutters.

"Wait a minute," Norton whispered. "These Germans are clever about such things. If we cut our way through, we may set off an alarm. Let's dig."

They found a section of the fence behind a mound that shielded them from the camp inside. They took turns, one watching, one digging silently, in the soft sand. Norton finished the hole, said:

"O. K., Jake. All clear?"

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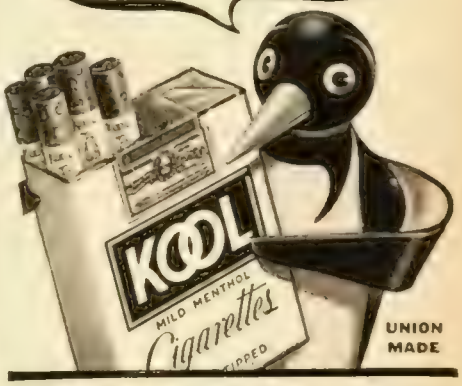

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"Clear," said Jake. As Norton huddled down to wriggle beneath the fence, the other man whispered: "There'll probably be a guard or two at the tents. I'll take them. You get the girl and Captain Fleming out."

Norton saw his companion unsheath a hunting knife. He nodded grimly. They crawled through the hole, took a careful look down the line of tents where the sentry had vanished. Noiselessly they sped across the soft sands toward the two tents, approaching from the side. Crouched there, Norton looked around the back of the tents, saw no one.

Jake, peering around the front of the tents, raised a warning hand of caution. Then the hand—his left—swept down in a signal that said, "Ready!"

JAKE sprang. Norton plunged after him like a back following interference. He saw there was one guard. And he saw Jake's left arm encircle the man to catch him as his right rose and fell against the guard's ribs. With a sound resembling nothing more than a mild sigh, the man collapsed. Jake was lowering him to the ground as Norton plunged into the near tent.

"Peggy!" he whispered.

A man's voice said:

"What the hell is this?"

He saw the outline of the man sitting up on a cot.

"Captain Fleming? I'm Norton, Naval Intelligence. This is a break. Where's Miss O'Liam?"

"Next tent. Am I glad to see you!"

He was throwing aside bedclothes as Norton ducked outside, hurried into the other tent. His eyes, accustomed to the gloom, saw the girl sitting up in bed in tense terror. He half saw, half sensed her mouth opening to scream. He slapped an open palm across it. His other arm circled her shoulders tightly, protectively.

"Peggy! Peggy, my dear, it's Doug. We're getting you out of here."

He felt her shiver a little, felt the tautness leave, felt a tear course down warmly against his hand. He took his hand away. She said:

"Oh, my darling, I thought I'd never see you again! I'll be all right now."

The others were waiting outside. Jake growled softly:

"I think that damned guard's due soon."

Captain Fleming, fingering one of the knives they had brought along, said:

"If it's that black-shirted devil who used a whip on me this afternoon, I'd like right well to meet up with him."

Both Peggy O'Liam and Captain Fleming were dressed in black uniforms on the back of which had been sewn white circles of luminous cloth—a target, by day or night, for a guard's rifle.

They slipped into the dark oilskins that had been brought along and set out toward the electrically charged fence.

They found the hole and wriggled through it one by one. They looked about, saw no one. Norton lifted Peggy O'Liam into his arms, squeezing her with a mingled sense of triumph and exhilaration that made him want to shout. They set off at a trot toward the water.

Jake's sharp eyes found the partly buried rubber raft without difficulty. They pulled it to the water's edge. Jake said:

"Won't hold us all. I'll swim."

They got the raft into the water and headed out from shore. Norton, cradling the girl in his arms, shone the dim blue rays of the flashlight into her face for a fraction of a second. He saw a face pale and wan, hollow-eyed and haggard, and he held her tight in blinding fury and asked:

"Oh, my darling, what have they done to you?"

"I'll be all right," she said, "—now. It was ghastly, Doug. You have no chance in their People's Court. Baron von Holtz was one of the five judges, Doug. I don't ever want to remember it again. And I need sleep so badly. I haven't slept well. I'm very tired."

"Of course," he said softly. "It's all over now."

"All over," she repeated. "It's all . . ."

The deafening wail of a siren drowned out her words. He felt the jerk of terror she gave, and he felt fear run an icy finger up the back of his own neck. He said:

"Easy, Peggy. We're almost there. We're safe!"

He looked around. Lights were springing on about the concentration camp. He heard a babble of voices, of shouting, as the siren died down. Then it was wailing again, a blood-chilling, vindictive shriek of derision. Men with lanterns were racing up and down. High on an observation tower, a searchlight swung its shaft up and down the sandy beach, then oceanward. It lacked the candlepower to reach them.

Norton leaned away from the girl, bent down toward Jake, who swam along behind the raft, holding and pushing it.

"How much farther is it, Jake?"

"We're there now."

"Do you mean . . .?"

JAKE raised his hands, palms upward, in an expressive gesture, then grabbed the raft again with one hand, pointed to the left with his other. Norton followed the pointed finger with his eyes. It took him a minute to locate what Jake had seen against the horizon. A large ship. A destroyer, perhaps, or a cruiser. Running a patrol across the path where Lieutenant Wiegand would have waited for them. And now Lieutenant Wiegand and the X36 were gone.

Norton felt his last hope leave him. He felt licked, impotent and coldly furious. The siren rose and fell mockingly. Men were running along the beach by this time. When the siren fell, he could hear the sound of rowlocks squeaking. They were dragging a boat out. It would not take them long now. Peggy O'Liam sensed his thoughts.

"Something's gone wrong, darling?"

"Yes."

"I'd rather drown than go back."

"We're not licked yet, Peggy."

But he knew as, kissing her, he crushed her to him, that they were. And he knew, as her arms tightened about him, that she knew it, too.

He could hear the slap of oars somewhere behind them, and he thought bitterly:

To get this far—and lose!

Safety almost within their grasp and—the submarine gone! What grim fate awaits Peggy and Norton? What ironic gesture of the gods made Wiegand desert the rendezvous? And what of America's valiant fight against the hordes of invaders? Thrills and adventure come thickly in next week's swiftly paced installment of Lightning in the Night!

FU MANCHU IS NOT FAR AWAY!

Watch out! He may be behind a curtain! In the dark of an upstairs corridor! Or lurking in the shadows on the lawn! He comes and goes mysteriously, this all-powerful Chinese man of mystery. One place you can be sure to find him—in Liberty, very soon.

DON'T MISS FU MANCHU!

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **NATIONAL DEFENSE! HOW CAN I HELP?** by "An American Family." Hawley Publishing Company.

Sound and sane advice from a "typical" American family of four, which can be read with profit by every American. The authors state their credo and their plans for action to justify their heritage. (And the book costs only a quarter.)

BY WILL CLARENCE

Coach Richard Harlow, who put Harvard back on the football map.

HARVARD WANTS TO WIN WITH AMATEURS

Can football miracles happen? Here's a heartening challenge to college sport

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

TIME was running out fast. Harvard lined up without a huddle. The crowd was hushed, sensing a miracle might be about to happen.

Oakes, the Harvard passer, dropped back deep, cocked his arm, let the spiral go. Down the field, Stuart was running, straight ahead, without looking back. He turned his head slightly, lifted his hands over his shoulder. The pigskin flew into them with a thud that echoed across the chill Crimson stands.

Fifteen yards farther, he galloped over the line. Harvard kicked the point after touchdown. The score was tied, 14 to 14. Three plays later the game ended.

Delirium broke out in what had previously been called the "eternal silence of the Harvard stands."

The Crimson had tied Princeton the unbeatable. Harvard, the underdog, whose teams were so bad even alumni urged that they give up big-time football, while sports writers sarcastically suggested they play Wellesley instead of Yale.

To most universities, a tie, even with the mighty Princeton, would be little to brag about. To Harvard—for years the whipping boy of the nation's gridirons—it meant the rebirth of football.

It also meant more. It meant the triumph of an ideal, of the almost prehistoric notion that football is a game to be played by boys for fun.

The question of Harvard's "amateurism" had been a storm center at the university for years. Many of the alumni were protesting bitterly. How, they asked, could the university continue its "simon-pure" athletic policy, and compete on even terms with teams who were "hiring" the best football talent money could get? It couldn't be done.

Harvard officials said it could. The Crimson's triumphs since that red-letter afternoon in November, 1936, when they tied Princeton, have proven they were right.

But how they did it—how they made fine players out of boys who couldn't have made the tenth team at Notre Dame—thereby hangs the story of one man. A man named Richard Cresson Harlow, a football coach who looks exactly like your idea of a football coach and plays his part like a Hollywood actor.

Harvard's football, by 1935, was in total eclipse. The more the "hiring" practice grew at other institutions, the more Harvard bent over backward to remain "amateur." No "athletic scholarships"—such as some other colleges give — were handed out. A boy had to be in college first and foremost as a student. If a player's marks were bad and he got on probation in the spring, he couldn't play football in the fall.

As a result of such rigid rules, Harvard's defeats became a national joke. The students—always famed for "indifference"—became more so than ever. In 1934 a group at the traditional Harvard - Yale game raised a banner reading, "What the Hell Do We Care?" Yale won.

Steps had to be taken. Harvard Athletic Director Bill Bingham took them. Like an M-G-M talent scout, he went out on a tour of the nation. His quest was a coach, a man who might revive some of the university's long-lost football glory.

He returned with the announcement that one Richard Harlow, of Western Maryland, was to be the new coach. He was greeted with a loud chorus of "So what?"

No one had ever heard of Harlow. He wasn't a Crimson graduate, as all past coaches had been. That made it heresy, said the alumni. And the Harvard Lampoon summed up much of the student attitude with the smart-aleck quip: "Where is Western Maryland?"

But reports began to be heard which aroused much interest in Harlow when he arrived for spring practice. The intellectuals were glad to learn that in spare moments the new coach was an oölogist—one who studies birds' eggs—and had won high standing in this field. Athletes listened hopefully to stories of Harlow's success at Western Maryland, which had lost but a handful of games in several years and thought nothing of knocking off colleges twice their size.

Harlow—said the rumors—was a spellbinder, a movie-version coach, with an aura of do or die. Harvard

didn't believe in such things. Still, the largest group in Crimson history turned out for spring practice—and a look at Harlow.

They were amazed at the man, that first day out on the greensward of the stadium. He was an actor of the old school. In his football pants and white sweat shirt, he squatted on the ground and talked to them. His voice was low, his eyes twinkling and kindly, his manner paternal.

"Maybe, boys, we'll win. Maybe not." A pause. "But we'll play to win. The one thing you fellows are going to do is play football."

SPRING practice was no longer the desultory thing it had been. Harlow was driving his players five and six hours a day.

"I understand you're going to teach us tricky plays," one boy said to the coach. "When do we start?"

Harlow put a hand on his shoulder. "After you learn how to play football, son."

The boy flushed. "But I played football in high school and last year on the freshman team here. What's the matter with my game?"

"Fundamentals," Harlow said. "You've been trying so hard to be a big-time player, you forgot to learn fundamentals. Tackling. Blocking. Pass defense. Charging. After you learn those things—"

Fundamentals were what he taught. The elementaries of football.

"They may not be great players. But if they know the fundamentals thoroughly, then they won't be made fools of on any field."

Hour after hour, day after day, he kept them at the tackling dummy. Blocking, and more of the same. Passing and passing until—as happened in the Oakes-to-Stuart play—the passers were so accurate the pass catchers could snag the ball without even looking.

What many of them didn't realize was that after the long practice was over, while they were home in bed, Harlow was burning the midnight oil trying to figure out how to build a winning Crimson team. What were the plays to put Harvard in the "win column"? How could he give them a scoring punch?

Until his arrival, Harvard had been haphazardly trying "power plays"—breaks through the line that would sweep the opposition off its feet. But power plays without power obviously were doomed to fail.

There was one way it could be done. They had to be smart—to play the "smartest" football in America. If they couldn't bowl the opposition over, they could outwit them instead.

The strategy would involve three main points—training in fundamentals, absolute precision, and deception. Deception most of all. Razzle-dazzle. Hidden balls. Speed. Passing.

Harlow knew it was a tall order. But he didn't expect to turn out championship teams—to start with, anyway.

"I want them to win, of course," he told his press conference. "But more than that—I want my boys to get something out of the game."

He was light on razzle-dazzle, heavy on fundamentals his first year. Starting his second spring practice, Harlow launched his razzle-dazzle, and increased his drive for precision perfection. If a center passed the ball an inch out of the way, Harlow kept him passing for a month. Tackling, blocking, charging were continued; but now he added new quirks—bucking, fake bucks, double passes,—a whole deck of tricky plays.

In the fall he drove his players harder than ever. They got off to a poor start. But after every game—carrying on a practice he started his first year—Harlow ran off for the team a complete motion picture of the game, pointing out mistakes and good points. Week by week the team was improving amazingly. Then the Princeton game put the Crimson on the map.

After that "magnificent tie" reporters in press conference pounded him with questions. How did he do it? What was the magic?

"The tackling dummy," he told them. "He's beginning to pay off."

Basis of many of Harlow's tricky plays were his "variations on the mousetrap." As football fans know, the mousetrap is a play in which the opposing line is allowed to rush into the backfield without hindrance—only to find the ball had been slipped in front of them by a deceptive pass. Again and again Harvard deceived its opponents on Harlow's variations of these plays.

YALE that year had a powerful team, sparked by Larry Kelley and Clint Frank, destined to be All-Americans, and, despite Harvard's razzle-dazzle, was picked to win by a good score.

At the end of the first half of the game, Yale led, 14 to 0. But between the halves Harlow "talked" to his boys, and his dressing-room dressing downs are famous. Starting off with a soft, almost inaudible, "You're missing those blocks, Jim," he worked himself into the old-fashioned knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out spirit. "Throw your body into it. Not just a twiddle-toe. Give them your guts. All your guts."

It was never what he said, but how he said it. It was the voice, the catch in his throat: Or his backhand: "You're not watching Kelley, Georgie. Well, it doesn't matter, does it? We all know Kelley can't catch passes."

It worked. Out on the field they stormed, carried the fight to Yale, scored. In the closing minutes of the game they scored again. It was 14-13.

Nevertheless, Harvard—unhappily—lost that game.

In spite of this loss, the team had improved vastly, and Harlow that year received the World-Telegram award as the Coach of the Year. And this in spite of the fact that they had yet to win a major victory!

That came the next year. They lost but two games that season, both by close scores. They held a powerful Navy team scoreless, and crushed Princeton, 34-6.

Still, they were rated to lose to Yale. Led by Clint Frank, one of the great backs in football history, Yale had lost to no one. If they licked Harvard, they would close the season undefeated.

Harlow was optimistic. "It's not the whole university we have to beat," he said slyly. "It's only a young fellow, a boy named Frank."

The entire Crimson defense was a defense against Frank. And the plan worked. Great as he was, Frank made little yardage in that game.

In the last quarter the score was 6 to 6. Harvard had repulsed a Yale thrust that carried the Blue to within a few feet of the goal. It was the Crimson's ball on their own twenty.

Then came the thirteen plays that proved the worth of razzle-dazzle.

Harvard's Foley cracked tackle on a fake pass. Yale came in close, expected another. But in the next play Foley really did pass. Yale spread out in pass defense. Struck made a spin-buck, whirling from behind center, smashing through the line, a line that wasn't sure he had the ball even as he went through. Then on a "masked reverse"—in which no one except the players could follow the ball—MacDonald went around end.

Down the field they swept. Yale stiffened in a goal-line stand. Harlow had prepared for such a situation with a "touchdown play." Yale didn't have a chance against that one. It started off looking like an end run, seemed to change to a line plunge, and finished up by being a short pass to Foley in the end zone. The game ended with Harvard victor, 13-6.

It was—as many alumni said—incredible. The Crimson had won the championship of the "Big Three"—for the first time since the year 1915.

THEY'VE won plenty of "major" games since that day, under the leadership of Maestro Harlow. The Harlow deception—and acting—remains as tricky as ever.

Harvard hasn't yet produced a team in the first ten in the nation. Maybe they never will. But to them it doesn't so much matter.

They're turning out teams of boys who play first-rate football, play smart and play hard, under Harlow's skillful direction. They're winning their share of the games.

Those boys may never make a life's work out of football. But they have a lot of fun, and their lives will be richer for what they get out of playing the game according to their ideals.

And that's what they want from college football, the way they see it.

THE END

Grace McDonald, "the most attractive young dancer" in the present-day musical show.

A bevy of "living, appetizing, inviting femininity" in the new Al Jolson show, Hold on to Your Hats.

Song, dance, girls! A critic eyes the theatrical future

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN ON BROADWAY

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

A CHAMPION of the moving pictures may loudly deny that they suffer serious shortcomings in comparison with the theater, but there is at least one point in favor of the latter that he would, however reluctantly, have to admit. It concerns the musicals. The all-important and significant difference between a film musical show and a stage one is that when you fall hard for the third girl in the line from the left in a film musical you have no means of knowing if at that moment she is still alive or dead, which, even the champion must sadly confess, is blamed disconcerting.

If ever any form of public entertainment depended upon realistic biology, it is the musical show. More than any other it depends upon the spectator's positive awareness of the fact that he is in the immediate presence of living, appetizing, and inviting femininity, and that if he had money in his pocket, if his hair weren't getting thin, if his wife were away, and if the gods were just, he could go around to the stage door and take a prime sample of it out to supper. For, above everything else in it, a musical is first and last a girl show; and a girl show in which the girls are represented only in ersatz, as on the screen, cannot, however otherwise satisfactory, fulfill its principal function.

Romantic reaction to the photograph of a pretty girl is, of course, possible. In my boyhood I used to collect cigarette pictures myself. But the time comes when the photograph doesn't suffice and when you've got to see the girl herself or bust. That accounts for the movie fans' desperate safaris in quest of a look at their idols in person. And it also explains why the greatest film musical ever made, if there is such a thing, remains in the end a poor substitute for the flesh-and-blood stage show.

The American theater, almost every one will agree, is, and for some years now has been, the world's leader in the department of song-and-dance shows. And not the least of its virtues has been and remains the superior magnetism of its young women. If any fifth columnist thinks that this is mere vile chauvinism and that maybe Irving Berlin has bribed us with the royalties from God Bless America or that perhaps a soupçon of softening of the brain has overcome us, let him not overlook the attesting and corroborative fact that Alfonso, quondam King of Spain, tumbled precipitously for a couple of them, that the then Prince of Wales, now Duke of Windsor, found several of them his favorite

dancing partners and supper companions, that his younger brother, the present Duke of Kent, was filled with a similar admiration, and that Adolf Hitler Himself not so long ago went publicly cuckoo over a brace of the Yankee honeybunches.

These lofty cerebrations are induced by the circumstance that the coming theatrical season, now under way, promises to see an almost unprecedented number of musical productions. The reason, of course, is the war and the corollary that people can't be made to forget their worries and troubles in such a period by Ibsen and Strindberg or their dour successors. The song-and-dance-and-girl show is the alcoholic liquor of the playhouse. It makes people for the nonce oblivious of their cares and suffuses them with rosy dreams and illusions. It warbles their adversities out of their immediate consciousness and hoofs their woes into temporary limbo. And it laughs themselves out of themselves. The greatest performance of King Lear would fall flat on a night of deep worldly concern, but a show in which sixty beautiful hussies kicked up their trim heels and in which a couple of comedians dejected themselves emphatically on their rears would stand a pretty good chance.

TO take the public's mind off the increased defense taxes, the Nazis' possible invasion of Newark, New Jersey, to say nothing of Flatbush, the loss of trade in the Far East, the fifth columns in South America, and other such dire eventualities, our producers are mechanizing a veritable army of singers, dancers, and comickers. The advance forces of the anti-Blues are already in operation. Ed Wynn, recalling himself to the colors after several years' retirement, is battering the megrims with Boys and Girls Together. Al Jolson, similarly recalling himself, is doing his bit with Hold on to Your Hats. The Buddy De Sylva-Cole Porter combination has followed up its Du Barry Was a Lady, which continues to serve as anti-headache propaganda, with Panama Hattie. Alex Aarons, who has been inactive since Adele Astaire got married and brother Fred deserted to the movies, is coming back with a new show. Two Weeks with Pay has been overhauled after its summer tryout and under Hassard Short's direction will try to bomb the bellyaches out of audiences. The venerable Hellzapoppin is still doing more than its share to make its customers see the silver lining in the gathering clouds, and so is Louisiana Purchase. And Irving Berlin is busy on a new one to follow up the latter.

Rodgers and Hart, plus John O'Hara, are shortly bringing into action a song-and-dance tank called Your Pal Joey. And Cabin in the Sky will be a contribution of the colored regiment. Eddie Cantor, who hasn't been around lately, promises to come back and serve the cause of humanity. Kurt Weill has even written songs and Ira Gershwin lyrics for Moss Hart's otherwise straight play, Lady in the Dark. Jerome Kern will have a new musical to deaden the troubles that the other shows may have forgotten to pack up securely in the old kit bag, and George Abbott is going to musicalize Shakespeare's Much Ado About Nothing by way of doing his duty by the nation. George Ford will attempt to take care of the situation on the Atlantic seaboard with Green in Your Eye; Crazy with the Heat and 'Tis of Thee are being brought up as reserve forces; and another Gilbert and Sullivan company has already been singing its head off.

DON'T take off your glasses yet! There's more. Lew Leslie is bringing along a 1940 version of Rhapsody in Black. Al Siegel has done the tunes for a show called Mr. Columbus. The Shuberts are readying a musical version of Tonight or Never. And they say they will put on another Follies. Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein, who last in 1935 collaborated on May Wine, are at work on a new one. Babes in Arms Grown Up is in the cards, as is Bail for Yale. And Arthur Schwartz and E. Y. Harburg are preparing Glamour Boy, dancing doings about aviation.

And that's only the half of it. If this earlier part of the season is any indication, we may expect before many more weeks have elapsed to hear that the Lunts will appear in a revival of Show Boat, that the Marx Brothers are hustling back to do a musical version of Robert Sherwood's There Shall Be No Night, and that Sinclair Lewis has given up acting to do a strip-tease in the next Olsen and Johnson show.

Another point in favor of the stage musical as against the film musical is the censorship that operates in the instance of the movies.

When, for example, such a show as Du Barry Was a Lady reaches the screen, no less than eight of its biggest stage laughs will have to be deleted. It has always seemed to the theater that anything which makes a representative audience laugh immoderately cannot be considered either immoral or objectionable. But the movies can't comfortably indulge themselves in any such philosophy. Their audiences are too various and the chances they take accordingly too dangerous. On the screen, Rabelais must have a touch of Lloyd C. Douglas in him, and Boccaccio a liberal leaven of Harold Bell Wright.

But for all that the stage musical must ever primarily remain the parent of the film musical. Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, Rodgers and Hart, Jerome Kern, and the other stage composers and lyric writers have to be drafted at heavy fees to contrive the Hollywood counterparts. And Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Eleanor Powell, Jeanette MacDonald, Fannie Brice, Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Grace Moore, Bert Lahr, W. C. Fields, Bob Hope, Walter Woolf King, Mary Martin, Patsy Kelly, the Marx boys, the Ritz boys, Mary Boland, Desi Arnaz, Hugh Herbert, Charles Ruggles, Joe Penner, and dozens upon dozens of the other film stand-bys have similarly had to be drafted. Hollywood may be able to supply its own chorus girls, but with small exception it has to rely more or less upon the stage for the other main materials. And it usually does. Which is at least one point to its credit.

Who represent the high-water marks in the present-day American musical show? The best clowns are Bobby Clark and Ed Wynn. The drollest comedian is Victor Moore. The best composer is Jerome Kern. The best of the lyric writers is Larry Hart. The most engaging performer is George M. Cohan. The best-looking girl is probably Marcy Wescott. The most attractive young dancer is Grace McDonald. The best male singer is Paul Robeson. The best female, Kitty Carlisle. The most imaginative costumers are Nat Karson and Raoul Du Bois. The best designer of scenery is Jo Mielziner. The best ballet dancer is Vera Zorina. The best chorus dance director is Robert Alton; the best ballet director, George Balanchine. The best blues singer is Ethel Waters. The most amusingly explosive zany is, by long odds, Jimmy Durante. The best quiet comique is Joe Cook. The best tap dancer is Bill Robinson. The best travesty hoofer is Ray Bolger. The prettiest colored girl is Joyce Beasley. The best colored woman singer is Anne Brown, with Ruby Elzy the runner-up. The most effective and charming recent importation in the way of a songstress is Carmen Miranda, and the best comédienne the English Beatrice Lillie.

As for the men who write the books of the shows, top honors go to George S. Kaufman, Morrie Ryskind, and Moss Hart.

SURVEYING not merely the moment but the landscape of the American musical show of our more modern times, who stand out as its prime figures? As composer, Victor Herbert. As bookmaker, perhaps George Ade—with the above-mentioned Kaufman and Ryskind in the case of Of Thee I Sing sitting securely alongside high on the throne. As comedians, Raymond Hitchcock and W. C. Fields. As acrobatic clown, Fred Stone. As pantomimic comedian Bert Williams. As most effective popular singers, Blanche Ring and Marie Cahill. As scenic artist, Joseph Urban. As probably the most decorative young woman, Lotta Faust. As dancing girls, Marilyn Miller and Adele Astaire.

It's a great life, if you weaken.

THE END

Youth steps out, with Mickey Rooney in the van, in a lively musical film

Swing Tonic

The irrepressible Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland swing it sweet and hot in Strike Up the Band.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

★★★½ **STRIKE UP THE BAND**

THE PLAYERS: Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Paul Whiteman, June Preisser, William Tracey, Larry Nunn, Margaret Early, Ann Shoemaker, Francis Pierlot, Virginia Brissac, Elliott Carpenter, George Lessey, Enid Bennett, Harlan Briggs, Sarah Edwards, Milton Kibbee, Helen Jerome Eddy. Screen play by John Monks, Jr., and Fred Finkelhoffe. Directed by Busby Berkeley. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 120 minutes.

THE hero of young America takes life, hot rhythm, and trap drums in stride. That brash idol of national adolescence, Mickey Rooney, teams up with Judy Garland, also brash (in a nice way), in a lively, spectacular, splashy, made-to-order musical film. Mickey does a trap-drumming student of Riverwood High School who organizes a school band, learns of Paul Whiteman's offer of a prize radio audition for student orchestras. How to earn the $196.45 necessary to get the band to Chicago for the competition? Finally Mickey and Judy decide to put on a show for the Elks' Milk Fund Bazaar. There are all sorts of problems, including a new blonde student who sets her course for Mickey, the amusing complications of the amateur show, the dangerous infection from a neglected broken arm which strikes down one of the earnest boys of the juvenile band.

Mickey plays the traps and practically every instrument of the orchestra with zest, Judy sings with zest, the two do a burlesque melodrama, Nell of New Rochelle, also with zest. June Preisser is the juvenile vamp who upsets Mickey, contributes an imitation of Anna Held, and does a refined juvenile cancan, of all things. And Paul Whiteman presents a fairly realistic study of Paul Whiteman, conducts his band in two romantic tunes.

From Horatio Alger and G. A. Henty to Mickey Rooney marks the cavalcade of America's growing generation. It's progress of a sort, one way or another. Stomping, jazzy, streamlined, it's America, 1940.

VITAL STATISTICS: Mickey Rooney has just turned nineteen. Can play most any instrument. For this, he spent four weeks of strenuous practice with traps. . . . Judy Garland was graduated from high school in the midst of this. Judy made her film debut in a short, Every Sunday. Deanna Durbin was in the same film. Judy's real moniker is Gumm; she was christened Garland by George Jessel when she was dancing on the same bill with him in Chicago some years ago. . . . June Preisser started dancing at two, began her professional career with her older sister, Cherry, at age of nine. Danced in the Ziegfeld Follies of 1934 and other musicals as a little girl. Cherry married. June kept on. . . . Larry Nunn, twelve-year-old youngster from Marshfield, Oregon, does his first screen role. Has been on the radio since he was four. His work on the Irene Rich program landed him this chance. . . . Margaret Early is a Birmingham, Alabama, lass who came to Hollywood to test for a role in Gone with the Wind. Didn't get the part but she's been in films since. . . . This is William Tracey's seventh screen role. A grad of the New York Academy of Dramatic

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BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

More Winners Liberty's $2,000 Jumbled Vacation Resorts Contest

(Continued from July 27 issue)

Roy W. Heffer, Rochester, N. Y.; Stuart M. Henderson, Detroit, Mich.; J. G. Hennessy, Woburn, Mass.; Ruby M. Hill, Concord, N. H.; John Hirdler, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Thomas L. Hodges, Greensboro, N. C.; R. W. Hodgson, W. Duluth, Minn.; Ada Hosford, Menomonie, Wis.; Mrs. William J. Humason, New Britain, Conn.; Gertrude Humphrey, Charlotte, N. C.; William H. Jervey, Richmond, Va.; Edward Jessop, Redlands, Calif.; Mrs. E. W. Johnson, Luck, Wis.; James Judge, Olean, N. Y.; Mrs. H. G. Kennedy, Ridgefield Park, N. J.; Mrs. K. L. Kennedy, Washington, D. C.; Frances C. Kile, Mahwah, N. J.; Helen Ann Kirby, Zanesville, Ohio; Jean Knippenberg, Olmsted Falls, Ohio; George E. Lang, Carleton, Mich.; Mrs. William F. Lange, Wausau, Wis.; Ann Lawless, Flossmoor, Ill.; Leila Lawrence, New York, N. Y.; Harold Lewis, Washington, D. C.; Helen Lee, Denver, Colo.; Rev. Willis J. Loar, Spokane, Wash.; Mrs. Homer Loucks, Trumbull, Neb.; Wayne C. Love, Buffalo, N. Y.; Lester L. Lovier, Rome, N. Y.; Mrs. W. O. Macy, St. Joseph, Mo.; Audrey G. Magee, Philadelphia, Pa.; W. R. Magner, Minneapolis, Minn.; James B. Malone, Springfield, Ohio; Albert B. Manski, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Mary B. Matthes, Vicksburg, Miss.; Mary C. Mays, Kan-

(Continued on next page)

Arts, he did roles in Tobacco Road and Brother Rat, invaded Hollywood when Brother Rat was filmed. . . . Watch for the twenty-eight-piece orchestra made of animated clay figures with fruit for heads and instruments. It was Professor Henry Rox, assistant professor of art at Mount Holyoke College in Massachusetts who created the idea of what he calls "perishable art figures." Metro heard of the professor's ideas, brought him to Hollywood. Took twenty-two men a month to build the set, two weeks to learn to operate the figures in time with music. . . . Jitterbug music is passing, swing is still popular, says Paul Whiteman. Paul started at seventeen as a cello player in the Denver Symphony, got experience with a navy band during World War I, organized his own jazz band afterward. His arrangement of Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue made him famous. Starred in several musical films.

★★ WYOMING

THE PLAYERS: Wallace Beery, Leo Carrillo, Ann Rutherford, Lee Bowman, Joseph Calleia, Bobs Watson, Paul Kelly, Marjorie Main, Henry Travers. Screen play by Jack Jevne and Hugo Butler from a story by Mr. Jevne. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 89 minutes.

HOLLYWOOD producers have been switching back to old-fashioned Westerns in order to furnish the war-harassed public with cinema anesthesia. This is a simple, hard-riding, shoot-from-the-hip melodrama *sans* subtleties, with Wallie Beery reforming as a train robber when fate puts two children in his keeping. Then he finds that a trio of scoundrels are boldly seizing the ranches and cattle of honest folks near pioneer Angel City. In no time at all he puts 'em to rout, finds spare moments to help General Custer handle a few tough Indian problems. In the end you see ornery Reb Harkness (that's Beery) settling down to domesticity with a lady blacksmith while Custer and his men ride off into history.

A good deal of your reaction to this depends upon your taste for Wallie Beery. Best of the cast is Marjorie Main as Mehitabel, the anvil-and-horseshoe charmer.

VITAL STATISTICS: Exteriors were shot at Jackson Hole, Wyoming, on a plateau 8,000 feet up, with the majestic Tetons towering high above. Company camped there for a month, hit a blizzard with two days of snow and a cloudburst. Here the historic Snake River runs into Jackson Lake. Custer actually did ride this region with his soldiers. . . . 200 Shoshone Indians were borrowed from Fort Washington, at Lander, Wyoming. Some of the redskins had worked in Northwest Passage, on location at McCall, Idaho. . . . The company traveled by train to Rock Springs, Wyoming, then by truck and bus to location. Beery flew his own plane direct. . . . Modern trucks hauled the old stage coaches to location to save time. A Western street, covering five acres, was built on the studio lot. . . . Cameraman Clyde De Vinna, who went to Africa for Trader Horn and the South Seas for White Shadows, shot Wyoming. The wild rides through streams and over hills were filmed from a fast camera car. Tough going. . . . Took Wallie Beery three weeks to learn how to play A Bird in a Gilded Cage on the harmonica. . . . Marjorie Main, who does the lady blacksmith, was born in Indiana, daughter of a clergyman-farmer.

★★ DR. KILDARE GOES HOME

THE PLAYERS: Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Laraine Day, Samuel S. Hinds, Gene Lockhart, Nat Pendleton, Emma Dunn, John Shelton, Alma Kruger, Walter Kingsford. Screen play by Harry Ruskin and Willis Goldbeck, based on a story by Mr. Goldbeck and Max Brand. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 78 minutes.

OF the Kildare series of medico yarns, this is the least interesting. Here you find young Jimmy Kildare just emerging from interneship under the watchful eye of kindly, caustic old Dr. Lionel Barrymore, otherwise Dr. Leonard Gillespie, in a wheel chair. Jimmy goes home to find his dad, the hard-working country physician of Portersville, ill from exhaustion and overwork. How Jimmy puts over a clinic on the skeptical home town is the plot.

The story goes very medical, what with Portersville's most prominent resident—and chief scoffer at the clinic idea—collapsing with streptococci infection from swimming in the contaminated town pool. But when Jimmy and the boys save him with sulfapyridine and other modern methods, the clinic battle ends in a triumph for young Kildare.

Germs, infections—and pretty Laraine Day as the little nurse who inspires Lew Ayres as Jimmy Kildare.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is the fifth of the Kildare series. . . . Lew Ayres took a two-months trip by plane around South America before starting this one. 1940 is his eleventh year in pictures. He's thirty-one. . . . Speaking of long screen careers, this is Lionel Barrymore's twenty-seventh year in films. . . . Look close at the nurses. One is May McAvoy, once a star of the silences. Lionel gave a whoop when he saw her on the set. Hadn't met since they played together in The Lion and the Mouse years ago. . . . Canadian-born Gene Lockhart still gets royalties from songs he wrote in the past while he was a vaudevillian. One was The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise, dashed off in 1922. Sales have reached nearly a million copies. . . . Samuel S. Hinds, who does Dr. Kildare, Senior, was born in Brooklyn, educated at Harvard, practiced law in Los Angeles, got interested in the Pasadena Community Players and started acting. Now look at him! . . . Lionel Barrymore has a pet bull snake. Lionel puts out a saucer of milk every afternoon, the snake appears punctually at 2 P. M. to lap it up. At least that's Barrymore's story.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Boom Town, Foreign Correspondent, Our Town, The Baker's Wife.

★★★½—Rhythm on the River, I Love You Again, They Drive by Night, The Great McGinty, The Mortal Storm, Virginia City.

★★★—Brigham Young, The Howards of Virginia, Hired Wife, Lucky Partners, Pastor Hall, The Sea Hawk, The Man I Married, Pride and Prejudice, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante, I Want a Divorce, New Moon, My Love Came Back, Tom Brown's School Days, The Ghost Breakers, Susan and God, All This, and Heaven Too, Brother Orchid, Edison the Man, Waterloo Bridge, Lillian Russell, Torrid Zone, My Favorite Wife, The Doctor Takes a Wife, Those Were the Days, 'Til We Meet Again, A Bill of Divorcement, Dark Command, Saturday's Children, Irene, The Biscuit Eater, It's a Date, Johnny Apollo, Primrose Path, The House of the Seven Gables.

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..TO KEEP THEM WARM while they WATCHED HIM DIE

Liberty's True Short Short
by Michael Hall

READING TIME • 1 MINUTE 16 SECONDS

THE following story happened during the year 1889 in the State of Indiana.

The Rev. Hugh Cull is still well remembered in Wayne County, Indiana, where he lived for more than half a century and died at the advanced age of 104 years.

During the last four years of his life he was afflicted with a sort of hypochondria, and every once in a while he imagined he was dying. On one such occasion he put his adopted daughter on a horse and sent her to notify all the members of his family, who lived some distance away, that his end was near, and if they desired to see him die, they must come at once.

The horse and rider galloped down the road at breakneck speed and in a short while were out of sight around the bend half a mile away.

While she was gone on this errand, he happened to remember there was no wood cut and that his children would be cold when they got to his bedside.

It was midwinter; so, forgetting about his near approach to death, he got up and went to the woodpile and chopped enough wood to last for a long time to come.

At last his children arrived in great distress—to find him still chopping wood to keep them warm while they watched him die.

The Rev. Hugh Cull died shortly after this episode.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

(Continued from page 64)

sas City, Mo.; Agnes McCloskey, Forest Hills, N. Y.; Eugene McCluney, Cleburne, Tex.; George R. McFarland, Comfort, Tex.; Mrs. Gertrude McGee, Sea Isle City, N. J.; Mabel R. McRoberts, Springfield, Ill.; Agnes B. Merrill, Auburn, Me.; Leslie Metcalf, Dallas, Tex.; Mrs. Grace P. Miller, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Nellie Mobley, Birmingham, Ala.; Ethel M. Mohr, Chicago, Ill.; Avaleen Morris, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. H. Moxon, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Leo Munch, E. Toledo, Ohio; Helen Murphy, Springfield, Ill.; Mrs. Faye Niver, Omaha, Neb.; Octavia Obregon, New York, N. Y.; George W. Owens, Bowie, Md.; Mrs. Grace E. Parker, La Porte, Ind.; Amie D. Parry, Chicago, Ill.; Etta Pepin, Denver, Colo.; Mabel Phillips, Des Moines, Iowa; Mrs. Ethel B. Price, Oskaloosa, Okla.; Mrs. H. K. Proctor, Decatur, Ill.; Nancy Pule, Denver, Colo.; R. H. Pyle, Denver, Colo.; Robert W. Quinn, Chicago, Ill.; Silas C. Quist, Washington Depot, Conn.; Mrs. Robert Ramos, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Haydee M. Ratigan, New Orleans, La.; Mary Reeder, Burlington, Iowa; Mrs. W. D. Richardson, Live Oak, Fla.; Mrs. Sadie A. Robar, Spokane, Wash.; Edwin C. Roberts, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Joseph S. Roberts, South Bend, Ind.; Robert P. Robertson, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. E. A. Root, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. William A. Roseberry, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Jack Rush, Houston, Tex.; Mrs. Herbert Schalk, Derby, Conn.; Eleanor J. Scher, Beverly, Mass.; Mrs. Vernette Schmidt, Dayton, Ohio; Harrison Schock, Bangor, Me.; Marjorie G. Sessions, Bristol, Conn.; Mrs. Vera M. Sieger, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. J. Simmons, Milwaukee, Wis.; Helen N. Sine, Lyndon, Ky.

(To be continued in an early issue)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of Liberty, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1940.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Lee Pasquin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of Liberty, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 122 East 42nd St., New York City; Editor, Fulton Oursler, 122 East 42nd St., New York City; Managing Editor, Lee Pasquin, 122 East 42nd St., New York City; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is

(This information is required from daily publications only.) LEE PASQUIN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1940.

(Seal) JOSEPH M. ROTH.

(My commission expires March 30, 1941.)

Berlin Answers "Lightning in the Night"

FULTON OURSLER

ONCE MORE Nazi Germany has deemed it important to answer material appearing in Liberty Magazine. Making replies to Liberty articles is getting to be a habit in Berlin. Most readers remember the hollering that came from the German capital some months ago when H. G. Wells wrote an article in which he advocated the bombing of Berlin. Repercussions of that piece by Wells were heard all over the world. But it is something new for the Nazis to pounce on radio short waves and answer not fact but fiction — Liberty's current serial, Lightning in the Night.

ONE OF BERLIN'S propagandists of the short-wave broadcasts is a man with an American accent who calls himself E. B. Ward (called by others "Mr. Wisecrack"), a Yankee equivalent of "Lord Haw-Haw." "Ward," so Fred Sammis, editor of Radio Mirror, informs me, "delivered a wonderful five-minute harangue on the Liberty serial. It seemed to have irritated Mr. Ward not a little. Was any one in America, he asked, so childish as to believe this nightmarish concoction? He said that, should there ever be a Pulitzer prize awarded for the most outlandish, dressed-up lies in journalism, the Liberty scribes—as he called them—would certainly walk off with all the medals. In closing, he mentioned that he was afraid his talk might sell a few extra copies. He then suggested that, in comparison, Jules Verne was a shy, unimaginative writer."

Well, first, did Mr. Ward ever read Jules Verne? Has he any idea how many of his "outlandish, dressed-up lies" were turned by the future into sober, commonplace truth? Anyway, I wonder how Mr. Ward was able to read Lightning in the Night. Were the contents of Liberty sent to the Nazi capital by short-wave radio? Probably. And, finally, who is E. B. Ward? It is reported that he is a former American actor and writer. I hope Mr. Wisecrack and his chief, Herr Doktor Goebbels, are enjoying Liberty. It will give them an unmitigated idea of the American attitude toward dictatorships.

DID DALADIER BETRAY his trust? That is the next question "Pertinax" will answer in Liberty. In this issue which you now hold in your hand you may read his examination of Gamelin, in which he inquires into the matters that led to the general's arrest by the Vichy government. In the following issue he will tell you about Daladier and about the Marquise de Crussol, one of the women behind the scenes of the frightful tragedy of France.

Also, you will not want to miss the start of a fascinating new serial—a tale not of war but of lovers, of family, of money and mystery, by Llewellyn Hughes. It is called Dark Fortune, and it is full of excitement and interest. We bring you also next week a number of other articles of great importance. You remember when Chamberlain got out of his Munich plane and said, "Peace in our time"? We didn't get it; but Maurice Maeterlinck says there is a way to get happiness in our time. He tells you about that next week. Governor Stassen of Minnesota and Senator Byrnes of South Carolina will have an historic debate on facing pages —discussing the issues of the Presidential campaign. In lighter vein, Frederick Lewis will tell you something about Hollywood fashions, and Yankee Stade will talk about Football's White Slaves. Water Brooks is back with a remarkably fine short story called Mr. Ames and the Dark Enchantress, and Ruth Tracy Millard contributes a sprightly love story, A Window with Geraniums.

These are outstanding articles and stories in a table of contents exceptionally strong and interesting. I hope you like it!

SALMAGUNDI: Miracles still happen! An author has written us to praise the way we cut his story! Read it for yourself—from Bob Cahn, co-author of America's Diving Monopoly. "I am especially grateful for the care taken in cutting my article down to size. In fact, I was more satisfied with the printed form than the copy submitted. Liberty is becoming more popular all the time out here in the Far West; mainly, I think, because it is discussing the topics we want to read in a careful and straightforward manner." . . . How are liberties lost? It's very simple. John Stuart Mill, in his essay on Representative Government, published in 1860, made the way of freedom's death clear in these words: "A people may prefer a free government; but if, from indolence, or carelessness, or cowardice, or want of public spirit, they are unequal to the exertions necessary for preserving it; if they will not fight for it when it is directly attacked; if they can be deluded by the artifices used to cheat them out of it; if, by momentary discouragement, or temporary panic, or a fit of enthusiasm for an individual, they can be induced to lay their liberties at the feet even of a great man, or trust him with powers which enable him to subvert their institutions,—in all these cases they are more or less unfit for liberty; and though it may be for their good to have had it even for a short time, they are unlikely long to enjoy it." . . . In the midst of all of England's suffering, that sense of humor which lifts man above the status of animals and brings him nearer to the divine keeps shining through the horrors of war. All sorts of war yarns are coming out of London. There is, for example, one in a recent letter: "Recently there was a thunderstorm during a London blackout. A sharp flash was followed by a deafening report. A woman screamed. 'Never mind, lady,' said a bobby. 'It ain't 'Itler—it's only Gawd.'"

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY KENNETH W. THOMPSON

"What's so funny about me going to Hollywood?"

ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW, glared haughtily at George, the Red Cap.

George stopped his chuckling. After all, he hadn't got his tip yet. He tried to explain: "Ah was jus' thinkin', ma'am, dat your type—well, you may find it pretty tough makin' good out there."

Elsie retorted: "I've already made good—that's why they've asked me to come."

"They *has?*" said George in amazement "But has they *seen* you? Ah mean, you got to pass one of them screen tests, you know."

"Pooh!" said Elsie, confidently. "That'll be easy—after the way I keep passing every test Borden experts and veterinarians can think up."

"B-but, ma'am," queried George, "has you got *oomph?*"

"Better than that," replied Elsie. "I've got milk that's got more oomph than you can shake a valise at. Furthermore, it's such wonderfully pure, good milk, it helps to make loads of *other* things that are just brimming with oomph.... Do you know Liederkranz?"

"N-not unless he's dat stout gentleman Ah just helped into Lower Nine," admitted George.

Elsie explained patiently: "Liederkranz is a creamy, golden-crusted Borden Cheese. It's the famous American dessert cheese of strictly 100% American origin—and a noble example of the score of delicious *Borden's Fine Cheeses* I have to my credit. They're all *me* to begin with, you know—just as my two best-known *canned* super-productions are."

"My, my," breathed George, admiringly, "you is talkin' like Hollywood already!"

"Well, those two *deserve* it," insisted Elsie. "All over the land, there are cooks who wouldn't dream of making cake frostings or cookies or candies with anything but *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk.*"

"M-m-m," smacked George. "Dat sure sounds reasonable to *mah* sweet tooth!"

"And as for *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk,*" went on Elsie, "that not only gets a great hand from cooks for helping make lovely cream soups and mashed potatoes—it also is suggested by physicians for infant formulas, because it's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D."

"Slap me down," exclaimed George, "if you hasn't more on de ball dan any movie star *Ah* ever see!"

"I'm so glad you think so!" beamed Elsie. "Especially when you haven't even heard about two of the very best ones. For instance, I'm terribly proud of the *Borden's Ice Cream* my milk and my cream go into—as luscious and smooth a treat as ever delighted your throat."

"And de other?" queried George.

"The other," replied Elsie, "is *Borden's None Such Mince Meat.* True, that doesn't happen to come from my milk. But it does get its spicy flavor and wholesomeness from the same kind of Borden skill and care that have put all my products where they are. So—shouldn't that help to build up the standing of my oomph?"

"Ma'am," replied George enthusiastically, "it sounds to me like you is just *spoutin'* oomph!"

"You're sweet to say so," gushed the grateful Elsie, handing him a shiny new nickel. "I'm sure those Hollywood directors are going to learn what so many other folks have learned—that *'if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!'"*

To bring you the best of dairy products, more than 100,000 dairy farms provide milk for Borden... and to guard the goodness of all Borden foods and deliver them to your home, more than 27,500 employees work in partnership with 47,000 Borden owner-stockholders.

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